

The Sketch.



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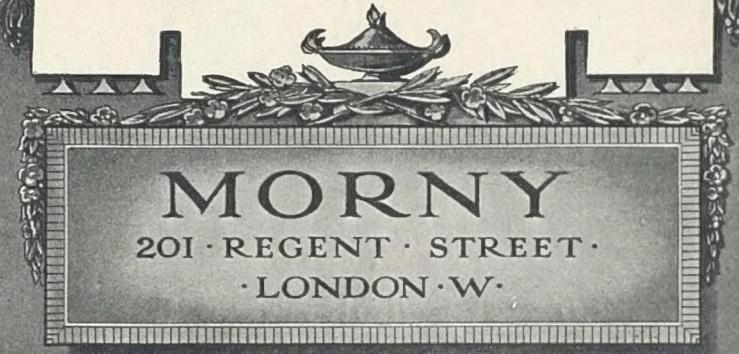
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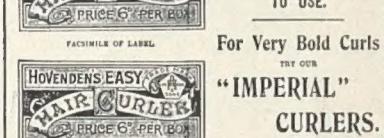
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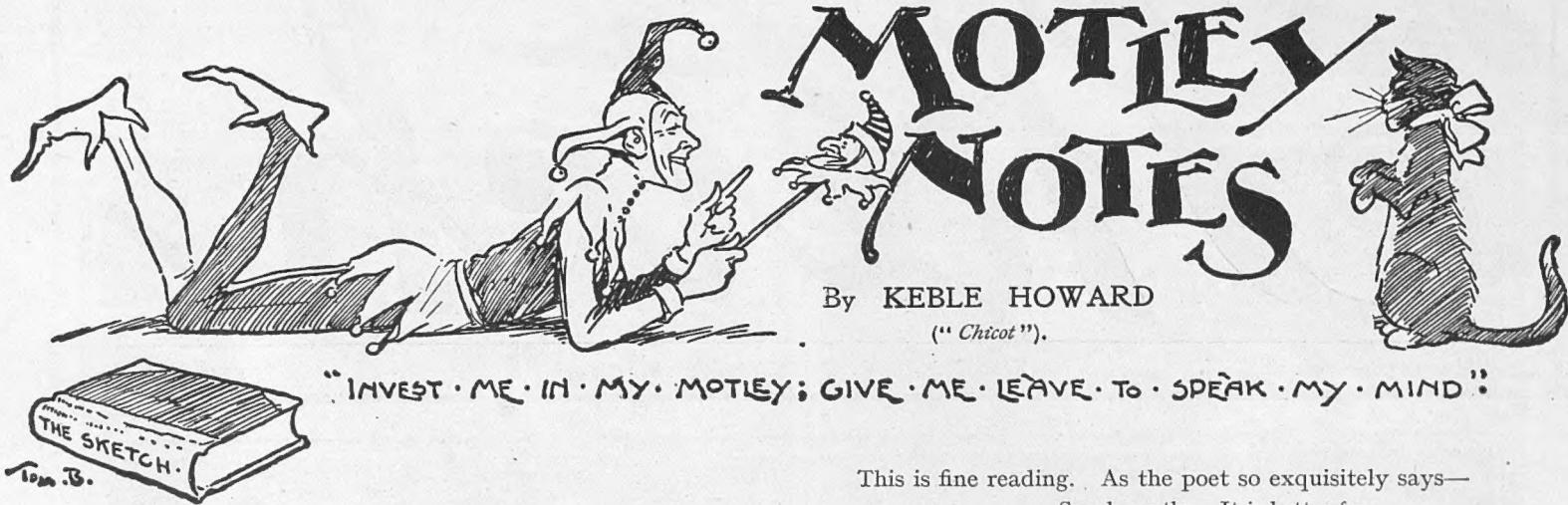
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



PLAYER OF THE DRUM FOR THE FARANDOLE AT THE ARABIAN NIGHTS BALL:
MR. ERNEST THESIGER — AS "THE GREEN GOD."

It was arranged that the Farandole led by Mr. M. Espinosa, the well-known maître-de-ballet, at the Arabian Nights Ball, should be danced at the beginning to the original, traditional music and with the steps attributed to the thirteenth century; and that it should then be continued with steps and music of later periods—from the Braule to the Ronde, Carmagnole, Contredanse, Can-Can, Two-Step, and so to the modern rag-time, "Everybody's Doing It." Mr. Thesiger arranged to play the drum for the Farandole.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

Jolly Fun at
Camp Hill.

This is splendid news from Camp Hill. (For the benefit of the thousands of Colonial readers of *The Sketch*, I may be allowed to mention that Camp Hill is one of the most charming spots in the Isle of Wight. This charming spot has been set aside as a residence for those members of our society who have been successful in getting sent to penal servitude not less than four times. Each apartment at Camp Hill contains a large window which can be opened and shut at will. The occupant can have plenty of books, and can hang up pictures and photographs. This is the new way of stamping out crime. Hot-water pipes are run through the rooms. This is to encourage honest people to remain under the arches and on the Embankment. The residents at Camp Hill have their meals together in large, light, airy rooms with wood-block floors and pleasant decoration. This is to teach fathers of families to get up at four in the morning, work all day long for a few shillings a week, and keep their itching fingers away from the windows of the jewellers. In the evenings, the residents at Camp Hill sit in bunches, play games, read magazines, and discuss the news of the day. This is to intimidate armed burglars, and to show them what an awful fate is in store for them if they get caught after bashing in an old lady's head. The residents at Camp Hill are paid for their work, and may receive visitors. This is to encourage young bank-clerks to keep hard at it for thirty bob a week in case they should not get clear away with the loot. Camp Hill, in short, is the Home of Terror.)

Christmas at
Camp Hill.

As Christmas approaches, those in authority at Camp Hill, naturally enough, like to do their best to brighten the sad lot of the simple residents. I am told that the warders have instructions to sing pretty carols as they go their rounds in the evenings, and to converse in genial vein with the residents. Here is a typical Camp Hill conversation—

WARDER: Once again, dear friend, the joyous season of Christmas approaches!

CONVICT: Stow that bosh!

WARDER: How thankful we should feel, at this pleasant season of the year, that we have food in abundance, comfortable clothing, kind friends around us, a good roof—

CONVICT: Stow it, d'ye 'ear? I'll fetch yer a crack with the saucepan else!

WARDER: Some there are who have not been so fortunate as ourselves. Foolishly elusive, they sneak round the foul dens of the East End, evading capture! Little do they realise the charm of Camp Hill! Our jolly concerts! Our cinematograph shows! Our nigger minstrels! Our—

CONVICT: Mind yer, I've warned yer! Any more o' that sickenin' tosh an' aht yer go! See?

WARDER: I must not allow myself to be dissuaded from the good work. My duty it is to cheer, to encourage, to enliven, to—

CONVICT: Yer will 'ave it? Then take it! (Bash. Exit warder.)

The System at
Work.

Now let us see how excellently the system works. "Occupants of cells spent Saturday morning in smashing their windows and throwing plates and flower-pots at the warders. When the cottage sash-windows were demolished, the prisoners attempted to tear out the window-frames, and some clung like monkeys to the outer bars while they shouted at the warders."—DAILY PAPER.

This is fine reading. As the poet so exquisitely says—

Speak gently. It is better far

To rule by love than fear.

Especially as applied to those of us four times sentenced to penal servitude. Hear another daily paper—

"The convicts are now reduced to venting their spite by shouting insults and threats at the officers whom they see moving about."

It seems a shame to limit the poor fellows in this way. At this season of the year, sufficient warders should be provided to make it possible for the residents at Camp Hill to indulge in a little wholesale slaughter. As the secretary of the Howard Association has pointed out, these residents are not normal men. They imagine all sorts of grievances, and they must be humoured in such fancies. If the supply of warders willing to surrender their lives in a magnificent cause runs short, a few hundreds of those people who have real grievances and yet abstain from crime might well be sent down to Camp Hill and massacred.

The Longevity
Craze.

Sir George Birdwood, in his letter to the *Times*, gave a smart little rap over the knuckles to those preposterous people who waste seventy years of their lives in order to gain an extra ten. "It is indeed," he wrote, "a most disheartening sign—this desire of people to live beyond three-score-years-and-ten, unless its prolongation is desirable in the interests of others; and, thank God, these abnormal ages of eighty, ninety, and one hundred years are not to be achieved; they simply occur, as exceptions to a rule, and have always occurred; only they have never been so industriously observed and registered and published abroad to the ends of the earth before. . . . My oldest and healthiest acquaintance, and one of the sanest and best of men, was a gentleman who drank a bottle of the best Cognac every day of his life, and apparently was always the better for it."

It is all very well, of course, for Sir George to talk in this light-hearted way. I am glad that he has given a smart little rap over the knuckles to those preposterous people afore-mentioned, but I should like to remind him that he himself, when all is said and done, is only eighty, and cannot know such a tremendous lot, therefore, about these matters. A few days ago, a gentleman died in Ireland at the age of one hundred and seventeen. He was neither a teetotaler nor a non-smoker. He might, of course, have lived to be a hundred and twenty if he had had the sense to deny himself alcohol and tobacco, but the foolish fellow would not listen to reason. These gamblers with Fate!

An Outrage in
Our Village.

A dastardly thing has just happened in our village. The event has not yet found its way into the daily newspapers, but you may take it from me that this thing is true.

A few years ago, certain residents applied for a pillar-box at the end of their road. They were at least five minutes from the Post Office, they said, and the servants were afraid to go at night with the letters such a distance. The application was successful, and a pillar-box was placed at the end of the road.

Then some prowling person, some creature dissatisfied with things as they are, some unsettled one, some smash-pane, stole out under cover of the darkness and emptied into that letter-box a large quantity of paraffin. Think of the despair of the little serving-maids! Think of the letters, perhaps indited by trembling fingers to loved ones across the seas, thus wantonly destroyed!

Yes, think of all that, but dry your tears. There was nothing at all in the box.

THE EAST IN THE WEST END: AT THE ARABIAN NIGHTS BALL.



1. THE HON. MRS. MAURICE BRETT (FORMERLY MISS ZENA DARE)
AND H.H. THE RANEE OF SARAWAK.
3. MISS ALICE CRAWFORD.

2. COUNT LEVOC, MR. C. STERN, AND MISS D. PHIL-MORRIS.
4. BARONESS DE MEYER.

The Arabian Nights Ball, to which reference is made, and of which other illustrations are given, on other pages of this issue, took place at Covent Garden on Thursday, Dec. 12, and proved once and for all that in its case, at all events, a success may be repeated.

Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations.

COLOURED JOAN OF ARC; OR, BLACK BOADICEA:
A MILITANT WITCH-DOCTOR.



1. LEADER OF HER ALLIES AGAINST BRITISH FRIENDLIES IN UGANDA: | 2. RELUCTANT ROYALTY REFUSES TO BE STARED AT: MAMUSA IN
MAMUSA, WITCH-DOCTOR OF M'PORO. | THE SHADE OF HER PALANQUIN.

3. IN HER TRAVELLING-BASKET: MAMUSA THE MILITANT, WITCH-DOCTOR OF M'PORO.

Our photographs show Mamusa, witch-doctor of M'Poro, who last year led her allies against the British friendlies in Uganda, and thus earned the right to be called a coloured Joan of Arc—or, if you will, a black Boadicea. It may be noted, further, that she was formerly the wife of the Sultan of Ruando, in Uganda. During the fighting to which we have referred, she lost many men, but escaped without a wound, although the basket in which she was carried into battle was riddled with bullet-holes. After she had been captured, she was taken to Kampala, there to await deportation.

MIMICKING CRANES OR CAPTIVES? PRACTISING THE FARANDOLE.



LEARNING THE SPECIAL FEATURE OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS BALL: REHEARSING THE FAMOUS PROVENÇAL PEASANT DANCE.

It was arranged that a very special feature of the Arabian Nights Ball at Covent Garden, last week, should be the dancing of the farandole for, it was said, the first time in England. The farandole is an old Provençal peasant dance—a chain-dance—in which those taking part join hands, or hold the ends of handkerchiefs, and then, turning each other's arms, revolve in a spiral round a single couple. In one figure, they pass beneath the arms of these two, "oranges-and-lemons" fashion. Originally, the dancers, with linked hands, would traverse the whole village on Saints' Days and other festivals. Many explanations of its origin have been attempted. Some say that it is identical with the old Greek *Geranos* (Crane Dance), which Maurice Emmanuel declared had nothing to do with cranes, but symbolised Theseus leading the captives out of the Labyrinth in single file. It was arranged that the dance should be given at Covent Garden to special music sent from Spain; and that Mr. Ernest Thesiger should play an antique drum and Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox the fife.—[See Front Page. Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]

FASHIONS FOR MR. AND MRS. MEW :
COLOUR IN CATS.

FASHION has a great deal to say in the matter of colour in cats; her sway, indeed, is only limited by Nature. The National Cat Club does not permit any tampering with natural colouring. Colour-breeding in cats has been very successful, and many owners have gone in for it carefully and on scientific lines. The extraordinary range of beautiful hues which Mr. and Mrs. Mew wear is astonishing, and a visit to a cat show is a delight to a lover of beauty.

White, Black,
and "Cherry-
Coloured."

First in point of beauty, in many persons' estimation, comes the white cat, an exquisite animal, whether short-haired or long. White cats have blue eyes, and when seen in perfection are of the snowiest white imaginable. Unluckily, as not infrequently happens where inbreeding is employed to get a pure white animal, many white cats are deaf. Fanciers are doing their best to eliminate the defect. Black cats are exceedingly handsome, and reputed lucky. The great thing is to get a black that is really jet black, with no rustiness, and no white or grey hairs. Black-and-white, a common colour in the ordinary pussy, is not a favoured colour at shows. We have all heard of that wonderful curiosity, the "cherry-coloured cat with rose-coloured trimmings" (most people have seen black cherries and white roses), but a cat show is a serious thing, and must not be jested about. Creams are also very lovely; and as with dogs, the cream comes in usefully for breeding blues. The combination of a black and cream often produces a good blue. Chinchillas are exquisite creatures, silvery-grey, with the most delicate shadings on a clear undercoat, and this colour belongs to long-haired cats only.

"Smoked" Cats,
Tabbies and
"Torties."

line; "smokes" are long-haired, too, and possess amber eyes. The tribe of Tabby numbers legion; for show purposes there are brown tabbies, red tabbies, silver tabbies, orange tabbies, and all of surpassing beauty. The marking of a tabby must be clear and regular, the stripes dark on a lighter ground; and in the case of a brown, a dark chin is desired, but seldom obtained. A perfect tabby has an "M" clearly marked on its forehead, and a dark line down the back, from which the stripes radiate. A fine colour is sandy, glorified as orange; blue eyes belong to this hue. Orange tabbies are attractive, too. Show "oranges" should be of a good deep colour, and have as little white as possible. Orange-and-white is a class of its own, not very popular. Tortoiseshell is a grand colour, and a "tortie" has no white—she is black and light tan, her patches as clearly defined as possible: I say "she" advisedly, as a tortoiseshell

Smoke is a colour which attracts many, the point being that the black and grey shades which make up the "smoked" effect must melt into one another with no perceptible

male is practically, if not absolutely, unknown. This does not apply to tortie-and-white—namely, black and orange and white, which is often confused with real tortoiseshell.

The Blues and
the Red Kitten.

Remains the cat which some consider the pride of the shows—the blue. Blues are popular and handsome, amber-eyed, stately aristocrats; always valuable, and usually intelligent. The colour



HELPING THE CRIPPLES' GUILD OF HANDICRAFTS: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND (IN CENTRE), WITH COUNTESS NADA TORBY, MRS. RALPH PETO, LADY ROSEMARY LEVESON-GOWER, AND MRS. DAVID BEATTY.

The photograph was taken at the At Home given by the Duchess of Sutherland in New Bond Street the other day in connection with an exhibition and sale of work done by the Cripples' Guild of Handicrafts.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

is a slaty-grey, and is required to be as deep and sound as possible; if it has to shade off, as frequently happens, it should do so regularly, with no line, towards the extremities, the same rule applying to creams, which shade to fawn. Patchiness is not permissible, and the back must be of one clear colour. Blue short-hairs, or Russian cats, are somewhat rare and most attractive. The colour is the same as in the long-hair, but patchiness and demarcation are even less desirable, as they show up more. About the most famous blue short-hair in England is Peter the Great, a veteran of ten years.

Peter turned up smiling at the recent Crystal Palace Show, carrying his years and honours with ease and dignity. And that reminds me. The National Cat Club Show, the show of the year, like the Kennel Club Show for dogs, this year took place on Dec. 10 and 11, and was a perfect feast of colour. Even Peter was eclipsed by the glorious kittens, and the tabbies were in their heyday, carrying off all the chief honours. And of all the lovely kittens, the Red Kitten was the loveliest. The Red Kitten was judged, by no less an expert than Louis Wain, the best cat in the show, and his proud owner is Mrs. H. Cook. The cat is perfectly red—tabby, of course—even stripes of two shades of red, not a speck of white, and its eyes are circles of light and dark red. It is a thing of beauty, and if Nature does not allow of its being a "joy for ever," let us hope its descendants will carry on the lovely colour now it has been attained at last. The brown tabbies were exceptionally good, as well as the reds, and two of them—Mrs. Slingsby's long-hair and Lady Alexander's short-hair—won the prizes for best long-hair and best short-hair in the Show.

Foreigners and Freaks. Every cat show has a good section of foreign and freak cats. The Manx is generally to the fore, his usual colouring being black, white, or tortoiseshell, or sometimes tabby. Siamese cats are cream or fawn in colour, with dark "points," and beautiful almond-shaped blue eyes. Abyssinians have pointed fur, reddish-brown with white tips. The Crystal Palace was not empty of these beauties.—DOROTHY WALTHALL.



IN THE "FAMULUS" OF TERENCE: WESTMINSTER BOYS AS ACTORS.

From left to right (at the back) are S. L. Holmes as Chremes, H. A. G. Phillimore as Sophrona, S. F. Waterson as Donax, R. S. Partridge as Thraso, G. C. Lowry as Laches, N. E. Barraclough as Phædria, J. M. Troutbeck as Gnatho, R. E. D. Cargill as Chærea, K. T. D. Wilcox as Simalio, and H. C. Rambant as Pythias. (Sitting) O. L. C. Sibley as Pamphila, W. B. W. Durrant as Thais. (Lying down) M. A. Phillimore as Dorus. The annual performance of a Latin play by the boys of Westminster School is a very ancient institution. The "Famulus" (usually called the "Eunuchus") of Terence was given on the 12th.—[Photograph by Barratt.]

REVELLERS FOR THE RED CROSS: THE ARABIAN NIGHTS BALL.



1. MRS. CARL LEYEL AS A MUMMY.

3. M. CASARES.

2. BARON DE TASSAC.

4. MRS. HELLWAG.

It was arranged that the profits of the Arabian Nights Ball, held at Covent Garden on Thursday of last week, should be given to the Balkan Red Cross Fund. The whole affair was arranged by the Foreign Press Association. Mrs. Carl Leyel, who was on the Executive Committee, did excellent organisation work. It may be noted, too, that M. Casares is a member of one of the wealthiest families in the Argentine Republic, and a relative of the Argentine Minister in London.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. EVERY EVENING at 8.15, DRAKE, a play in 3 acts, by Louis N. Parker. Produced by SIR HERBERT TREE, in conjunction with the Author. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15, And THURSDAYS (Boxing Day), Dec. 26, Jan. 2 and 9.

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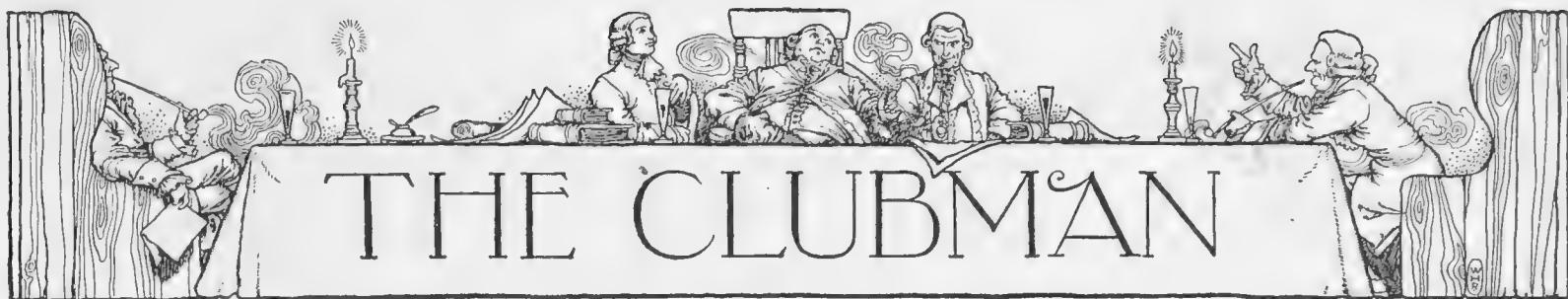
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SEA CHANGES—AMERICAN DANCES—PET DOGS—THE NATIONAL RESERVE AND THE TERRITORIALS.

Admiralty Wear and Tear.

already since Lord Fisher's hand was taken off the tiller. Sir Francis Bridgeman, I understand, has not been in good health lately, though his retirement, as we now know, was not of his own seeking at the time. He was anxious, it is said, that the increase of pay in the Navy should be granted while he was in office. His successor, Prince Louis of Battenberg, is physically, as his brothers were, exceedingly handsome. He has a reputation, gained during manœuvres, of being a most daring strategist, and he had more to say to the creation of the Naval War Staff than any other sailor had. He has no "frills" on him, and the Americans declare that he is the most democratic prince who ever visited their country.



MADE OF ANTLERS: A REMARKABLE CHAIR CONSTRUCTED BY A FOLLOWER OF THE DULVERTON STAGHOUNDS.

Photograph by News Illustrations.

The "clutch" is the position in which partners hold each other by the shoulders; and the "strangle" is that very ungraceful position in which the lady puts her clasped hands round the man's neck. America seems very determined to oust from the ball-rooms the ugly dancing which had its rise in Coney Island and the Bowery, one minister having gone so far as to erect a platform in his church on which two chorus-girls danced strange, unlovely dances to rag-time melodies, bunny-hugs and turkey-trots, have stolen into New York ball-rooms.

Dogs in Restaurants. "Should a lady be allowed to bring her pet dog into a restaurant and to feed it at table?"—is one of the minor social difficulties of the moment. If it is unpleasing to the other people who are taking a meal in a restaurant to see a pet dog being fed with fork or spoon from a lady's plate, then no doubt it would be good manners on the part of those ladies who cannot be parted for a moment from their dogs not to feed them in public. Fortunately, at present only very small dogs—Poms and the like—seem to win their mistresses' hearts to such an extent that they cannot be left in cloak-rooms.

The National Reserve. Colonel Seely, Minister for War, foreshadows the filling up of the ranks of those Territorial battalions which are short of their proper numbers by the men of the National Reserve. This is a matter in which the War Minister will, no doubt, move very carefully, for there are more pitfalls in it than are at first apparent. In the ranks of the National Reserve are all sorts and conditions of old soldiers—

comparatively young men who served for a very short period in Volunteers or Militia, as well as those old soldiers who served many years with the colours, and who have shown their military spirit by offering to perform in an emergency any work within their strength. They all have registered their names on the understanding that nothing which shall interfere in any way with their usual avocations is to be required of them unless a great emergency occurs. And therefore, at the outbreak of a war, they would require even more training than the average Territorial before they became once again effective soldiers. It will be an invidious task, but one that will be most necessary, to select from amongst these veterans those reasonably fit to take their place in the ranks of a fighting-force; for those—and they will be found a very large number—fit only for lighter duties will feel that a slur has been cast upon them. It is to be hoped that too great a strain will not be put on the National Reserve, a body which could well have garrisoned the great towns when the expeditionary force had gone abroad, and the Territorials were all in camp at strategic points. Colonel Seely and his advisers must be careful not to ask from the veterans any service too great for their strength.

A Good Example.

It is pleasant, when one is accustomed to read nothing but jeremiads concerning the Territorial force, to find that one great mercantile house at least—Harrod's Stores—is not discouraged by the lamentations that the youth of England is not doing its duty in shouldering a rifle. In addition to the two companies of Territorial infantry the Stores turn out, they are now about to raise a company of the Army Service Corps, which will find all the necessary transport on mobilisation. There is true esprit de corps in this. Evidently the seed of patriotism



THE BABY WHICH STANDS IN STATE NEAR A FOUNTAIN UNTIL DEPOSED BY A SUCCESSOR: A SHEAF OF CORN DRESSED AS AN INFANT.

There survives at Whalton, in Northumberland, a harvest-festival custom which consists of dressing the last sheaf of corn as a baby, known locally as "the kern baby." This is taken to the parish church and stands in state near the fountain until it is deposed by a successor.

Photograph by Topical.



FORTUNATELY, A MOST UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE: A WET AUSTRALIAN DERBY DAY AT MELBOURNE.

The race for the Australian Derby, run on Saturday, Nov. 2, in very wet weather, was won by Wolawa, owned by Mr. E. E. D. Clarke.—[Photograph by Topical.]

falls on generous ground in the great establishment in the Brompton Road, for it supports, as well, a Ladies' Territorial section, all the members of which are adepts at first aid to the wounded, and all able to use the service rifle with effect if need be.



THE Queen's choice of what counts for her as one of the busiest moments of the year for a journey to Brocket is a signal mark of esteem. That her Majesty and her old friend Gian Tufnell, now Lady Mount Stephen, should meet in December amounted almost to a pledge between them. For several years before their Majesties came to the throne the visit was an established thing, and the increase of responsibilities since 1910 has not been allowed to interfere with "The Christmas Visit," as it is affectionately called at Brocket. By the time the Queen arrives, Christmas dishes have already crept into the menu; Christmas parcels are being packed or are in hiding in chests-of-drawers, and Christmas confidences pass between friends who, having been girls together, are girls again in company. Lord Mount Stephen himself is the most various of Peers. He began



ENGAGED TO SIR ALEXANDER NAPIER, OF NAPIER:
MISS JOAN ASHURST-MORRIS.

Miss Ashurst-Morris is the only daughter of Mrs. Ashurst-Morris, of 44, Cadogan Square. Sir Alexander Napier, of Napier, Renfrewshire, is the eleventh Baronet of a creation dating from 1627, was born in 1882, and succeeded in 1907. For some time he was A.D.C. to the Governor General of Australia (the Earl of Dudley). Formerly in the Grenadier Guards, he is now in the Reserve of Officers.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

life as a herd-boy, and for some years after he went into the towns regretted that he had ever left his sheep on the clear hill-side. Like a distinguished living novelist, he was not altogether happy as a draper's apprentice. But sheep and an establishment in St. Paul's Church-yard were all to play a part in the building up of a career. Having

quite indifferent. "Le renvoi de Bismarck!" he exclaimed — "nobody is giving a thought to it. But Lord — died to-day, and everybody is asking whom his widow will marry." Perhaps the cows at Smithfield, like the nobleman's widow, are but a means of escape from idle talk on more serious subjects.

Lord Leicester's Glass Cases.

Lord and Lady Leicester and their guests are very lengthily reminded of the resources of Holkham. All the family treasures, from the Michael Angelo drawings to the Venetian curtains, are trotted out in the papers. But Holkham is not a museum, and Lord Leicester is careful to see that his guests come and go without a suspicion of the museum headache. The place is big enough to hold the treasures, and big enough to lose them in. Their owner is far more concerned with the creature comforts and living concerns of his friends than with the family glass cases or the family traditions. One only tradition he is keen on perpetuating: their Majesties did not leave before they had planted the usual trees. The Earl's family tree, by the way, is one of many branches. He has six sisters living, one brother, one half-sister, and five half-brothers.



TO MARRY MISS MAUD TURNER ON DEC. 21:
SIR JOHN DYER.

Sir John Swinnerton Dyer, here seen at a meet of the Household Brigade Drag-hunt, at Southall, near Ealing, is the twelfth Baronet of a creation dating from 1678, was born in May 1891, and succeeded in 1907. He is in the Scots Guards. His motto is curious: "Unwilling to frighten: unacquainted with fear." Miss Turner is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Turner, of Western Australia.

Photograph by C.N.

left London to try his luck in Canada, he made the most of his knowledge of wool. As a woollen merchant he started his fortune, and completed it in railway enterprises. Prosperity and honours, fortunately, have not made a common man, or baron, of him; the Hall is the most baronial thing about him.

Lady Sybil's Discretion. Lady Sybil Grant, the guest of honour at the dinner of the Authors' Club on Monday, makes a better speech than most of her fellows of the pen. The short story, whether for publication in book form or for after-dinner consumption, is her especial art. Her father, Lord Rosebery, is the hero of more anecdotes, it is computed, than any man alive and, since Lady Sybil knows them all,



AT THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAG-HUNT: LORD JOHN CAVENDISH.

Lord John Cavendish is the younger of the Duke of Devonshire's two brothers. He is a major in the 1st Life Guards, and saw active service in South Africa, where he won the D.S.O. He was born in 1875.

Photograph by C.N.

several publishers are convinced that she is the person to tell them. "Tales of My Father," however, is not yet likely to figure among her published works.

Lord Rosebery's Evasions.

Lord Rosebery talked all through lunch the other day about the cattle he had seen at Smithfield. "What of the Peace Conference?" ventured a friend; but coffee by then was almost over, and there was no time for a pronouncement. Lord Rosebery's indifference to the alleged topic of the hour is proverbial. There is Count Tornielli's story of the time when Bismarck had just been sent about his business by his Emperor. The news came in the afternoon, and in the evening the Italian Ambassador went, full of the event, to a party at Lord Rosebery's. But his Lordship was



SOUNDING THE HORN: LIEUTENANT H. W. VERELST, OF THE COLDSTREAMS, AT THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAG-HUNT. Lieutenant Verelst was gazetted a Second Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards on September 3, 1910. He is attached to the 3rd Battalion.

Photograph by C.N.

OFFICIALS AND CLERKS AS RAILWAYMEN: N.E.R. VOLUNTEERS.



1. A CLERK IN CHARGE OF AN ENGINE, AT THE CENTRAL STATION,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
2. CLERKS AT WORK IN A GOODS YARD.
3. A CLERK ACTING AS A GUARD.

4. A CLERK SETTING OUT TO ATTEND TO SIGNAL-LIGHTS.
5. THE CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT ATTENDING
TO LIGHTS AT THE CENTRAL STATION, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—
WORK USUALLY DONE BY HIS LABOURERS.

The strike on the North Eastern Railway, described variously as "The one-man strike," "The personal liberty strike," and "The right-to-drink-off-duty strike," brought with it, as is customary, many offers to do the work left by the men after the beginning of the dispute. Clerks, for instance, volunteered to act as drivers, guards, porters, and so on; while heads of departments performed a good deal of the labour usually done by subordinates.—[Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations and Illustrations Bureau.]



IN THE GREAT WORLD

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.

THE First Sea Lord was fourteen when he joined the Navy. If he were to be fourteen again to-morrow, to-night he would be packing his box to go through with it again. Born in Austria in 1854, one of the first acts of his youth was to become an Englishman and a sailor. He is perhaps the most distinguished of all the King's naturalised subjects. Citizen he can hardly be called, for as a lifelong sailor he is as little drawn to the notion of a town life as the ordinary man to the notion of a fortnight in the Bay of Biscay. When his wife and children are installed in town, and he keeps them company, he looks for no more than domestic satisfaction. He prefers a flag-ship to the Admiralty Buildings, and his bridge to Buckingham Palace.

With Winston. That is why, when he was seen dining at the Ritz with Mr. Winston Churchill a few weeks back, and lunching the next day at the Carlton in the same company, it was known that business was brewing. He is by no means the habitual diner-out. Lord Charles Beresford sits among diplomats and diamonds more often in a month than Prince Louis in a year. The First Sea Lord is always at sea—even when his tanned face and princely reputation send a little flutter round a ballroom and the tables of a London restaurant; or so, at least, he would urge upon the credulous. For with most sailors, and like Winston himself, he has paid smiling homage to the Blarney Stone.

Ship's Biscuit in Piccadilly. Great business certainly was brewing at that little land-locked table, set with flowers and silver, a few weeks ago. The dinner was but one episode of many, a culminating meeting, at which the Navy was silently toasted, with some confidence and satisfaction, by the First



WIFE OF THE NEW FIRST SEA LORD: PRINCESS LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.

In 1884, Prince Louis of Battenberg married his cousin, Princess Victoria, daughter of Louis IV., Grand Duke of Hesse, K.G., and of Princess Alice, daughter of Queen Victoria. Their Serene Highnesses have two sons and two daughters—Princess Alice, who is Princess Andrew of Greece, and was born in 1885; Princess Louise, born in 1889; Prince George, born in 1892; and Prince Louis Francis, born in 1900.

Photograph by Langfier.

Lord and his Prince. The changes in discipline at sea and the introduction of promotions from the lower deck were in the air at the time. Within a fortnight Mr. Churchill had announced the revision of the scale of Naval pay—an announcement immediately followed by that of important changes in the personnel of the Fleet.

"Cleared for Action." They say, comes by devious ways. Prince Louis has promoted himself. He has seen long service and active service; he has been diligent at manœuvres; admittedly he was the most intelligent officer of his year at the Intelligence Department. The Mediterranean Fleet, the Atlantic Fleet, the

affairs of his profession, and translated, but without his name, Captain Semenoff's "Rasplata; or, the Atonement," in which the officer seeks to account for the disasters inflicted by the Japanese on the Russian fleet. There was, perhaps, international reason for anonymity; but the Prince's translation is too good to go long unclaimed. His own record may be scrutinised up and down; for all branches of his profession he has the zeal of a man whose heart and head are cleared for action. He passes from one distinction to another on the strength of the credentials that have taken forty-four years to win. He no more owes promotion to social standing than did Lord Nelson.

Up the Rope Ladder. His is a service not easily cajoled. The office of Lord High Admiral was revived for the Duke of Clarence in 1827; but a year later he was told by the Duke of Wellington that he would have to go, with the option of resigning. It is true there is no Iron Duke in the present Cabinet—nor is one wanted. "Royalty Campbell," one is reminded, is the name borne by one distinguished officer in the service, because he is a close friend of the present King; but even his enemies can detect no unseemly leaps and bounds in his advancement. Those who best know the King's attitude towards the Navy are the last to encourage the idea that he would ever let personal predilections weigh in the matter of promotion.

A "Serene Highness" Lived Down. Royalty is not so easily moved in such matters as is sometimes supposed. When the late Duchess of Teck was approached in the interest of her friend Miss Helen Hennicker, who wanted the post of Lady-in-Waiting to

H.R.H., she answered—in allusion to her own and the candidate's bulk—"I should be delighted, but no carriage ever built could carry Helen and myself." That was neatly turned; but his Majesty's method of replying to the hints of his friends has been found rather more abrupt. In no case has Prince Louis profited by his title—rather the other way. The briefest description of him is that he was born a Serene Highness, but has lived it down. But he has done more than live down a title; he has built up another. And now, as the First Sea Lord, he holds a post that never, like that held by his friend at the Admiralty, raises a smile. Mr. Barclay Gammon will not, even in the family circle at Windsor, sing funny songs about this "Ruler of the King's Navee," though the First Land Lord has inevitably fallen a victim to the man at the Palace piano. Prince Louis' appointment is very popular in the Navy.



ELDEST CHILD OF THE FIRST SEA LORD: PRINCESS ANDREW OF GREECE (PRINCESS ALICE).

The marriage of Princess Alice of Battenberg and Prince Andrew of Greece took place on Oct. 7, 1903. Prince Andrew is the fourth son of the King of the Hellenes, and was born in 1882. There are three daughters—Princesses Margaret, Theodora, and Cecily.

From the Painting by Philip A. Lazzlo.

Home Fleet, all know him for what he is—an able officer. He has devised speed-meters, and is the inventor of a much-approved course-indicator, a tactical instrument. He has written on the



THE NEW FIRST SEA LORD: ADMIRAL PRINCE LOUIS ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG.

Prince Louis was born at Gratz, in Austria, in 1854, son of Prince Alexander of Hesse and grandson of Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse. In 1868 he became a naturalised British subject, and entered the Royal Navy. He has had a most distinguished career.

From the Painting by Philip A. Lazzlo.

IN THE HUNTING-FIELD: FOLLOWERS OF THE HOUNDS.



1. MASTER OF THE COUNTY GALWAY ("THE BLAZERS"): MR. J. PICKERSGILL.
2. MASTER OF THE WEST NORFOLK, WITH WHICH PRINCESS MARY HUNTS: CAPTAIN J. F. CHAMPION.
3. MASTER OF THE EXMOOR: MR. A. YALDEN THOMSON.
4. WITH THE PYTCHELEY AT LONG BUCKBY: PRINCE KINSKY.

5. A FOX GONE TO EARTH: LADY ARTHUR GROSVENOR ASSISTING WITH HER TERRIERS, AT A MEET OF THE CHESHIRE.
6. CLEARING A STONE WALL WHILE OUT WITH THE COUNTY GALWAY: MISS DAPHNE PERSSE, OF CREG CLARE, ARDRAHAN.
7. AN ARRIVAL BY CAR: COLONEL SEPPINGS AT A MEET OF THE WEST NORFOLK.

Mr. Pickersgill and Captain Champion are also huntsmen.—Prince Kinsky, who was born at Vienna in November 1858, is a Chamberlain to the Emperor Francis Joseph and has numerous other claims to distinction. He is an Hereditary Member of the Austrian House of Lords and a Privy Councillor; has acted as Minister Plenipotentiary at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in Paris; won the Grand National on his own mare, Zoedone, in 1883; is President of the Austrian Jockey Club, a member of the Hungarian Jockey Club, and an honorary member of our own Jockey Club, as well as of the National Hunt Committee. In 1895, he married Elizabeth, Countess de Wolff-Metternich zur Gracht, who died in 1909.—Lady Arthur Grosvenor was known before her marriage, which took place in 1893, as Helen, second daughter of Sir R. Sheffield. She is a great caravanner. Her husband is the second son of the first Duke of Westminster.—Miss Daphne Persse is the younger daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Eleanor Persse, daughter of the second Viscount Gough.—[Photographs by Poole, Topical, Swaine, and C.N.]



YE PATRIOTIK PAGEANT OF DRAKE'S DRUM.

"Drake." It was from Drake's own country, "glorious Devon," that I came expressively to be at the first night of Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker's play, and I came with some reluctance, since it was hard to desert the lovely lake hard by the sea-shore, where you can spin for the many-toothed, but not toothsome pike, or cast your fly for the gaudy rudd, and the while watch the sails of the Brixham trawlers, or the rushing smoke of the torpedo-boats as they dash along the measured mile. No wonder I was reluctant, being, indeed, of rustic inclination, and, like the imprisoned Douglas, fonder of hearing the lark sing than the mouse squeak: even the reputed singing-mouse has little charms for me. So perhaps I was not in the mood for the opening performance of "Drake"; but the second visit was quite a different matter. What Briton can resist the infection of the patriotic pageant, which appeals so artfully to the *Civis Romanus sum* instinct in all of us? The philosopher may smile at the instinct, the anti-militarist preach against it, very dangerously, too, but we still glow at the lines: "I thought upon one pair of English legs did march three Frenchmen," or a couplet that I do not remember exactly, with the line that "a jolly Jack Tar can lick 'em all three," or Gilbert's famous phrase, "he remains an Englishman" with the delightful perielesis introduced by Sullivan into the swinging tune. "Swank," national "swank," it may be, but really in these days it is an excellent thing to have a play with such a spirit on the boards. No doubt we do not possess a monopoly of it, and at the moment all the nations of Europe—except the lamentable Turk—to say nothing of "Yankee-doodle-do," are filled with the same feeling; and so long as they are, so must we.

A Holiday Play. What a play for the schoolboy coming home for

the holidays, with its fights and its songs and its dances, and the broad comedy of it owning no over-subtleties to puzzle him! Possibly, nowadays, he is taught enough to wonder whether some pranks have not been played with history, but his less learned parents can always quiet him with the blessed phrase, "poetic license," which covers a multitude of sins. And he, in turn, like the grown-ups in holiday mood, will not look critically below the surface, and notice that the real teaching of the piece is to the effect that we need not make great preparation, because our natural genius will enable us to pull through, however tremendous the odds, thanks

TOM MOONE MAKES HIS BOW: MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY AS QUEEN

ELIZABETH AND MR. A. E. GEORGE AS TOM MOONE.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



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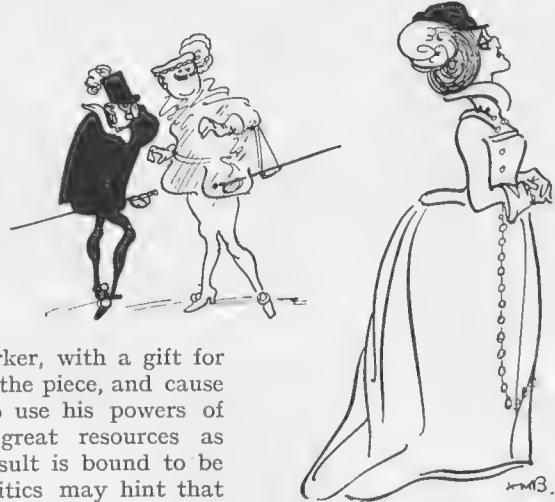


TWO MEN O' DEVON: MR. ROY BYFORD AS BRIGHT AND MR. HOWARD ROSE AS FLEMING.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

The Picturesque Drake makes Pirate. a capital hero for a play: what more can you ask than a picturesque pirate with a patriotic instinct and a knack for uttering swelling speech? Set him in conjunction with good Queen Bess—even if you

smile at the word "good" when applied to her as a woman—throw in a pretty sweetheart (she has to do duty for both wives of the man who singed the King of Spain's beard); introduce a rather melodramatic villain, and let an adroit dramatist like Mr. Parker, with a gift for rich dialogue, write the piece, and cause Sir Herbert Tree to use his powers of producer and his great resources as manager, and the result is bound to be irresistible. The critics may hint that the outcome really is melodrama, but in fact too much smoke comes from the big tableau representing the great naval combat to permit the ordinary playgoer to see this clearly; it is enough for him that we have the clever first act, where Drake is received into



"SHE LOVES ME; SHE LOVES ME NOT!" MR. HERBERT WARING AS JOHN DOUGHTY AND MISS AMY BRANDON-THOMAS AS ELIZABETH SYDENHAM.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

favour by Elizabeth; the fight on the Isthmus of Darien; the touching episode of Thomas Doughty; the famous scene on Plymouth Hoe; the tableau of the sea-battle, and the great national thanksgiving. The Thomas Doughty Act is by far the best part of the play as drama, for it shows a real dramatic struggle between two forces—the new spirit and the old—and leads to a very effective court-martial scene where Drake has to deal with his old and trusted friend turned traitor to him and to that famous, mad, Very touching is the ending of it, where Doughty, after a condemnation to death which he knows to be just, bids an affectionate farewell to Drake, against whom he has been conspiring, and drinks with him a stirrup-cup ere setting out on the last and greatest journey of all. There is something really heroic in this part of the play. Surely this is enough for the ordinary playgoer, his wife and his children; so no wonder the theatre is crowded with enthusiastic people.

The Actors. There is, of course, something more. The acting catches the spirit of the piece. Miss

Phyllis Neilson-Terry may present a younger, handsomer Elizabeth than history will admit, but her energy, her ringing speech, her haughty gestures, and yet gracious condescension delight the audience: the real Elizabeth would not have served half as well. There is Mr. Frederick Ross to carry off bravely the part of Drake, and Miss Amy Brandon Thomas, pretty and engaging as his sweetheart and wife. The best piece of acting is by Mr. Philip Merivale, in the part of Thomas Doughty, who, as described above, vainly struggled against the ascendancy of Drake, and met his failure and his fate bravely. Mr. Bassett Roe looks as wise as the Lord Burleigh of history. There are two popular favourites—Mr. A. E. George and Miss Cicely Richards—for the broad comedy, which causes a great deal of hearty, simple laughter; and Mr. Loring Fernie is quite picturesque as Drake's faithful Indian servant; and there are plenty of others who do excellent work, but I have not space to name them. "Drake" will doubtless make a victorious voyage through the Christmas holidays.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE).

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "DRAKE," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



"AND THAT'S HOW WE BEAT THE DONS, LADY": QUEEN ELIZABETH HEARS HER HERO
TELL THE TALE.

"Drake," that patriotic, "Big Navy" pageant-play, continues to draw large and enthusiastic audiences to His Majesty's.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

MORE interesting than the endless anecdotes of the past that are served up whenever royalty goes to Holkham is the list of guests invited to meet their Majesties. Lord and Lady Derby, Lord and Lady Sefton, Lord Annaly, Lord Desmond Fitzgerald, Sir H. Legge, Lord Compton and Lord H. Vane Tempest were among them; and Mrs. Hartmann, late of the White Lodge, was again in the midst of friends. Need it be said that the Marquis de Soveral was also asked? He was one of the last guests at Windsor, he was at Welbeck, he was, only last week, at Sandringham, and at Holkham he made other plans that will partially coincide with the King's.



ENGAGED TO MR. JAMES B. S. BOURNE-MAY: THE HON. ALEXA C. JAMESON.

Miss Jameson is the daughter of the late Andrew Jameson, Lord Ardwall, Senator of the College of Justice in Scotland, of 14, Moray Place, Edinburgh, and Ardwall, Gatehouse, Kirkcudbrightshire. Her father was a son of Andrew Jameson, Sheriff of Aberdeen and Kincardine, and a grandson of Andrew Jameson, Sheriff-Substitute of Fife. Mr. Bourne-May, of the Coldstream Guards, is the son of Mr. J. W. S. Bourne-May, of Hackinsall Hall, Fleetwood.

Photograph by Thomson.

Attractive to be refused. The English Ambassador and his lady will not, however, pay Washington the compliment that Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid are paying London. When they leave the Embassy they will leave it for good, and keep no sort of permanent lodging in the city of Presidents. Their desire to entertain their friends before they make room for Sir Cecil Spring-Rice reminds one of the story of Mr. William de Morgan and his Chelsea home. His street was condemned, but he stayed on while the houses were being demolished all about him, and the housebreakers had actually got their pickaxes into his bricks and mortar while he was giving a last party to sympathetic friends.

Miss Violet Asquith in America.

Miss Violet Asquith will see a deal of entertaining in Washington. At the quietest of times the British Embassy is a busier place than Downing Street. The largest of the Embassies, it is looked upon as a centre of the dinner-parties for which Washington is famous. Entertaining in any case would be re-

doubled towards the close of Mr. Bryce's term, and with Lady Aberdeen and Miss Asquith in the house, the whole social world of the capital will be bustling. Miss Asquith is a young woman of large social experience. In Washington she will complete her observations. She knows the duties of a Prime Minister's wife; in Dublin she stayed with the



TO MARRY MR. JOHN J. MOONEY, M.P., ON DEC. 21: MISS E. MACMILLAN.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss E. Macmillan, of 55, Albany Street, Regent's Park, and Mr. John J. Mooney, M.P. for Newry, will take place on Dec. 21, at St. Peter and St. Edward's, Westminster. Mr. Mooney, son of a Dublin merchant, was born in 1874, and was educated at Ushaw College, Durham, and Trinity College, Dublin. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1895, and to the English Bar in 1901. He sat for Co. Dublin S. from 1900 to 1906, and was elected for Newry in the latter year. [Photograph by Adey.]

TO MARRY MAJOR J. O. FORBES ON DEC. 21: MISS QUEENIE NORAH MAUDE ABERCROMBY.

Miss Abercromby is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Abercromby, of Kinbroom, Rothiemore, Aberdeenshire, and granddaughter of the late Sir George Samuel Abercromby, sixth Baronet, of Birkenbog and Forglen. Major Forbes, of the 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, of Corse, Aberdeenshire, is the son of the late Hon. James O. Forbes, of Corse.

Viceroy; in Washington she will observe an Ambassador's brilliant wife at her daily tasks. "Ambassador, Premier, Viceroy, Whip?" she must carol to herself over her cherry-stones in Connecticut Avenue, when she would learn what Fate has in store for her.

The Butterflies of Audre Lady Carlisle Place.

Established her little girl's claim to the Furnivall Barony, has won other titles. She is Lady President of the League of Mercy, and her name is much associated with good works. The Petre

ladies, indeed, make quite a habit of seeking new titles, but they go to the Church for them more often than to the Committee of Privileges. The Hon. Margaret Mary Petre lives under a religious name in the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Glasgow; her sister Teresa is a nun of the same order in Hammersmith; and the Hon. Mary Winefride Petre is Superior of the Sisters of Charity in Carlisle Place. These Sisters have one privilege in common with their neighbours the M.P.s—the police stop the traffic for them. And with good reason, for they walk out with their orphans—fifty, sometimes, to one nun. The Butterflies of Heaven, they have been called, because of the familiar flapping *cornettes* of their white head-dress.

The Petres.

Lord Petre's heir-presumptive is Mr. Francis Petre, the designer of Catholic cathedrals in the Colonies; and Miss Maude Petre is one of the Founders of Westminster Cathedral. It goes without saying that among the under-gardeners at Thorndon the Rock of Peter is thought to have a fairly close connection with the family and the Hall. The Papal association is of old standing. The fourth Baron died in the Tower, a victim of the Oates Plot; and the seventh lives in English literature as "the lord" of Pope's "Rape of the Lock." The present peer is in the Coldstream Guards, and is a cousin of the girl who, despite Mr. Raymond Asquith's courteous pleading, is well on her way to the Barony of Furnivall.

A Dishonours List?

After Christmas, the "Honours"! Rumour, as usual, is busy with the names of several gentlemen who are anxiously

denying any concern for the coming List. Mr. Birrell, it is said, still refuses to go quietly to the Lords; and interest of sorts is aroused by the suggestion that a popular actor-manager is to be knighted. Beyond this it cannot be said that anything lively is impending. How much more animated would be a Dishonours List! We can all think of people who ought not to be missed.

TO MARRY MR. GORDON MONIER WILLIAMS TO DAY, DEC. 18: MISS WINEFRED HOARE.

The wedding of Miss Winefread Hoare, of Kenwincham, Holms Chapel, Cheshire, and Mr. Gordon M. Williams, is to take place at Swettenham.

Photograph by Val E'Strange.



THE HON. MARGARET CICELY DRUMMOND, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. ALFRED TENNYSON WAS FIXED FOR DEC. 17.

The bride is the elder daughter of the late Viscount Strathallan. Mr. Tennyson is the grandson of Alfred Lord Tennyson and eldest son of the late Hon. Lionel Tennyson and of Mrs. Augustine Birrell. It was arranged that the wedding should take place in Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

Photograph by Swaine.

FLATTERY, IN GOLF: A HOLE AND ITS AMERICAN COPY.

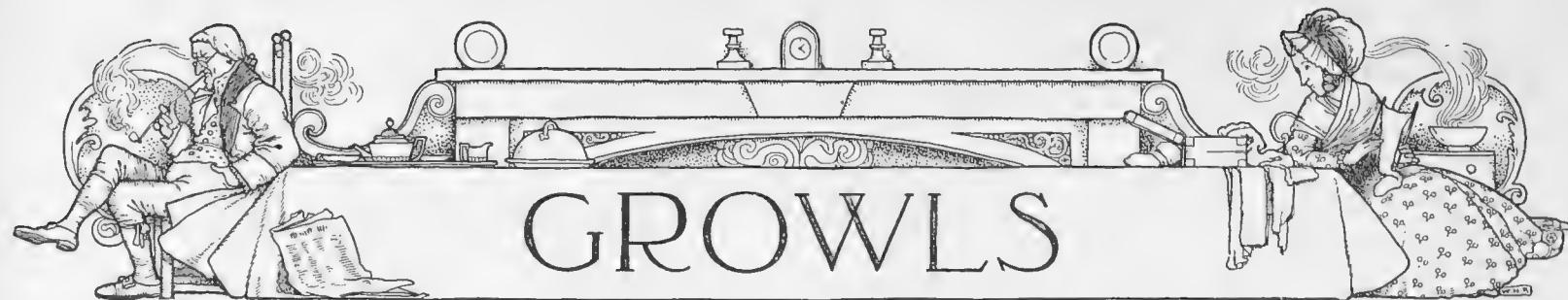


IMITATED ON THE NATIONAL GOLF LINKS, LONG ISLAND, AS AN IDEAL HOLE: THE FIFTH AT BRANCASTER.



THE IMITATION ON THE NATIONAL GOLF LINKS, LONG ISLAND: THE AMERICAN VERSION OF THE FIFTH HOLE AT BRANCASTER.

Our correspondent writes: "Considered together, these photographs, taken specially for the sake of the comparison, are of unique interest. The first is the fifth hole at Brancaster, the links of the Royal West Norfolk Club, and this hole, a short one, is regarded as one of the very best and most difficult of its kind in existence. Between the tee and the island green, shored up with sleepers, there is nothing but a sandy waste, and all the surroundings are wild. To miss the tee shot is fatal—recovery is almost impossible. When the Americans determined to create their ideal course and call it the National Golf Links, on Long Island, regardless of effort and cost, they scoured the world, and especially Britain, for examples of ideal holes to copy. They blasted their land with dynamite and proceeded to shape it anew in accordance with the plans and photographs they had secured. Roughly, one might say that every hole of the eighteen cost on an average about £1500. They determined to make their seventh a copy of the fifth at Brancaster, and the result is shown in the second photograph. The wild grandeur of the great hole at Brancaster is lost, but the American hole has some of its good points—notably the best features of the island green. It has been an intensely interesting experiment."



THE PREVALENCE OF POSTPRANDIALISM; THE TERRORISM OF TALK.

WHY is it that if a thing is indefensible in theory and objectionable in practice it is positively certain sooner or later to become a national institution? One might without extravagance have thought that nothing should stand a chance of being raised to this pinnacle without containing some elements of sweet reasonableness and some grains of common-sense. But we select for our loyal adherence and blind devotion the most unworthy objects. Where but in England would that preposterous concoction known as plum-pudding have become the object of idolisation?—and in what other country could that ridiculous specimen of ornithology, the turkey, have been elevated to the position of the national bird? Imagine the weak and vapid pancake as a nation's *sine qua non*, and the pallid and parasitic mistletoe an expression of a nation's romance! I could almost forgive a good, even an indifferent, dinner firmly establishing itself among the foundations on which an Empire is based. There is a certain sanity and solidity about the conception that cannot fail to appeal to me up to a point. At any rate, there is nothing in the notion to cause my better nature to burst out into open revolt. But why, when dinner has reached its end, should it inevitably be followed by that unconscionable farrago known as the toast-list? To rise and raise a glass to the health of his Majesty the King is only right and becoming in a loyal and well-nourished citizen. It implies a recognition of the Constitution and a deference to law and order of which I could not bring myself to complain. But why not end there? Why proceed for hours and hours in a desultory display of empty bombast, stupid redundancy, and grievous incompetence? If we were a nation of born orators I could understand a clinging to the form of procedure. But we are not. We are nationally as incapable of making a speech as we are of making a salad.

Ad Nauseam. In spite of this inherent deficiency, it is ordained by some unseen and malign power, and sanctioned by some unwritten law, that night after night shall be devoted to the halting and devastating expression of pompous platitude, sugary sentimentality, and haggard humour. Men of intelligence, and even of intellect, will submit to sit and listen to stuttering and disjointed rigmaroles ejected by individuals who are as incapable of delivering a speech as they are of flying. No one in this country, except, in isolated cases, actors, ever dreams of studying elocution, any more than a single soul ever dreams of studying acoustics, and the combination of these two omissions has results of a truly appalling character. As the night slowly—oh, how slowly!—drifts onward towards the morning, persons of no earthly importance will rise in melancholy succession and drone forth nothings which can

only have a depressing effect upon the one-third of the audience which can hear what is being said. Through an atmosphere dimmed with the fumes of tobacco, a distant voice can be detected delivering itself of unfinished sentences destitute of meaning and guiltless of grammar. Occasionally a half-hearted guffaw coming from the immediate vicinity of the speaker tantalises the majority of the supposed revellers with the suggestion of a jocularity powerless to penetrate; but this is of very rare occurrence, and is immediately succeeded by another prolonged period of incomprehensible chant, until the perfunctory clapping of half-a-dozen pairs of hands, and a few unenthusiastic "Hear, hears" tell forth that it is somebody else's turn to get up and go through the same solemn and unpalatable process. Now and then the monotony will be broken by the uprising of some visitor from the United States, who in raucous tones and with arrogant self-assurance will unbosom himself of a speech which he has made on at least fifty previous occasions, interspersed with anecdotes which appear to afford him unqualified enjoyment. But this relief is momentary and modified, and the company once again settles down in sombre apathy to further demonstrations of our national shortcomings.

A Cry from the Heart.

In quite a large number of cases all this dreadful drivell is diligently taken down verbatim by unfortunate reporters, doomed by relentless Fate to

occupy the only seats in the room where the speeches are audible; and sometimes on the following morning the feasters of the previous night will read in their papers that something has been said which has some bearing upon the banquet's *raison d'être*, or which is considered worthy of having "Laughter" set after it in brackets. I sometimes have my suspicions that these excerpts are purely imaginary and are the inventions of ingenious reporters ambitious to show the speaker the sort of thing he ought to have said. But the gloomy fact remains that on six, and often seven, nights of the week in scores of establishments in the Metropolis, not to mention the provinces, these ghastly happenings are to be encountered. Cannot we realise once and for all that we are not, and never can be, adepts at oratory? Cannot it be borne in upon us that we are postprandially failures, and that the sooner we give up making exhibitions of ourselves the better for our comfort and the better for our self-respect? These practices must in course of time impair the nation's digestion, dull the nation's brain, and sully the nation's reputation. In fact, they amount to a national peril, and it is high time that they were stopped. Let us therefore put an end to them forthwith, and make up our minds that, while silence is incontestably golden, speech is not even silver. It is merely Britannia metal.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE'S FIRST WORK FOR THE STAGE REVIVED AT HIS MAJESTY'S: STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC IN "COLOMBA."

Sir Alexander Mackenzie's opera "Colombia"—his first work for the stage—was revived at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday afternoon of last week, by students of the Royal College of Music. The work was produced by the late Carl Rosa, at Drury Lane, in 1883.

Photograph by G.P.U.

Pons Catulorum.

MIS-DEAL



HONOURS

G. E. Studdy



THE "MILITANT" AND THE MILLINER: VOTES OR VANITIES FOR WOMEN.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I LOVE stuff, all beautiful stuff—velvet, smooth like a pansy's skin, satin shiny as a leaf, cloth thick and dull as a petal of magnolia, muslin as ethereal as a Thames mist, crêpe unctuous and light as a *crème fouettée*.

I love fur, all beautiful fur—ermine of pleasing purity, chinchilla of silvery sheen, leopards' skins such as clothed the supple bodies of bacchantes, sables sombre and sumptuous, bears' and wolves' skins with which our prehistoric ancestress first warmed her nudity.

I love jewels, metals tenuous and tortuous, and wrought even as cathedrals—pendentifs and bracelets, rings, brooches, and diadems: jewels born of a poet's dream traced on paper, a birth as wonderful as that of music springing from little black dots over little black lines, as swallows on telegraph-wires.

I love stones—ruby the brutal and sapphire the sweet; the liquid beryl, the complex opal, the topaz—a ray of sun imprisoned—diamond the arrogant, and the peerless pearl.

I love flowers, especially those that lend their beauty to woman's attractiveness—the rose and the carnation, the violet, the lilac, and the lily-of-the-valley: flowers—perfection of form and colour, that render gay a sombre corsage, alluring a demure chignon—flowers out of whose hecatombs charm is distilled drop by drop.

I love lace, chimera made tangible; I love its obsessive minuteness, its incredible subtlety. I love ribbons, sinuous like woman's hair—ornament or fetters? One is not sure which. I love ribbons, the emblematic.

And we are asked in the name of common-sense to renounce all that! To burn what we have adored and what made us adorable!

We are asked to let skirts go hang, and to bifurcate into trousers! We are asked to make bonfires of our hats, those bewitching absurdities! We are asked to make of ourselves hybrid caricatures of the European man and the Chinese woman! Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the American Suffragist leader, is responsible for the suggestion of such unsuggestive fashions. "The Chinese dress," she says, "is the most sanitary, healthful, comfortable, and artistic costume woman can wear." Now, we all agree as to the beauty of Chinese material; but

the shape, O my sisters, and especially my brothers, what do you think of it? The silhouette of a Chinese lady is a rectangle from which issue two tubes, the whole supported by pattens and suggesting those rigid little figures which, in our nursery days, we

cut out of paper with rounded scissors. It women wish to avow themselves bipeds, let them do so, by all means, but let them do so in silk tights or satin knee-breeches, not in twin bolster-cases, even if they be of Celestial cut!

We are neither Queens of Spain nor Empresses of the Flowery Land. If ever we discard skirts we must show we have for doing that "two very good reasons," to use a Gilbertianism. If we abandon the folds, let it not be for a divided bag. If we rebel against the tyranny of drapery, let our stands be without fear, if not always without reproach. The Chinese dress may be healthful and sanitary, but it has one immense aesthetic defect—it hides the handiwork of Nature, the human body. At a distance it must be hard to distinguish between a Celestial male and one of his wives when dressed in the national costume advocated by Mrs. Catt. We European women have no wish to be mistaken for our husbands, poor beggars, who are as distressingly turned out as mad hatters and tasteless tailors could make them. Their beautiful, robust necks, which Greek sculptors so loved to model out of Paros marble, are hid and compressed by ugly, stiff, cardboard-like collars, for which I can see no *raison d'être*, unless it be to serve as a test of endurance. They cut their hair and clip their beards so that a man of sixty looks like a pickled ephebe of sixteen. The strength of their wrists is hidden by starched cylinders. Their clothes are drab

in colour, shapeless in form, beauty of raiment as much fear and shame and hatred as the Puritans had for sin! They are strenuously and successfully hideous.

And we are asked to try and resemble them! We are asked to economise on frills, feathers, and fluffy follies so as to send the wretched money thus saved to the Suffragette fund. Never!—rather go voteless than in homespun! If to obtain man's rights one must be afflicted with man's drawbacks, good-bye to the electoral urn—let us rather stick to the perfume-bottle. Let the Suffragist militate, but not against the milliner. Let her defy the law, but let her not spurn the Stuff into which are woven our daily dreams—beautiful Stuff that hides and reveals, lies or flatters. Let her revere Dress, its pomp

and its vanity. Let her not interfere with our dearest and most expensive joys, all our luxurious necessities, for fear we, the frivolous women, rise in a body and hunt her from post to pillar-boxes!



PLAYING BETTY BLUNDERS IN "WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS," AT THE GARRICK; MISS DOT TEMPLE.

It was arranged that "Where the Rainbow Ends," the fairy and patriotic play given at the Savoy last Christmas, should be revived at the Garrick on Wednesday of last week.

Photograph by Stebbing.



LADY MASTER AND LADY WHIP OF A PACK OF IRISH HARRIERS: MISS O. WAKELY AND MISS V. WAKELY AT A MEET OF THE EDENDERRY HARRIERS, KING'S COUNTY, IRELAND. The Misses Wakely hunt two days a week over a good jumping country which calls for considerable knowledge of horsemanship. [Photograph by Sport and General.]

WE PAID THE ARTIST FULL PRICE FOR THIS!



H. M. BATEMAN

1912

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN (*conscious of "lonesomeness"*): Suffering polecats! What a waste of good snow!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



FROM THE PREHISTORIC TO A RAMBLE IN THE PRESENT: THE HISTORY OF HAMPSTEAD.*

Signs—Signs! Geological evidences indicate that where Hampstead now stands there was once the sea, open towards the north, intersected on the south by land under sub-tropical vegetation. How long this marine condition lasted can only be conjectured. Gradually, through countless ages, the action of the sea shaped the soil into a highly picturesque

configuration of hills and dales, and when the water subsided, there emerged a landscape of surpassing beauty; then in course of time what we now call Hampstead Hill became part of a vast forest. Eventually, under the influence of a moderated climate, and aided by the advent of man, Hampstead by degrees crept into history, and became connected with the current of British expansion; and now, a thousand years after its first documentary mention, it presents an interesting and in many respects important theme. Its story is not much concerned with great events; yet makers of history and a host of persons notable in literature or other arts have given a fame

and thieves, the Black Death, Jack Straw and his castle, necromancers and witchcraft, highwaymen and judges, Wells frivolities, the Kit-Kat days, boisterous Belsize, gamesters and sportsmen, writers and artists, rioters and politicians, poets and preachers, gentlefolk and folk by no means gentle, Highgate, the geology of Hampstead and its natural history—the whole pageant of life from the prehistoric to a ramble in the present: the story of a world told in that of a suburb. Nothing but congratulation can be offered to Mr. Barratt for the use to which he has put the leisure snatched from an active business life.



WHERE DICK HEARD THE PROPHETIC BOW BELLS: THE WHITTINGTON STONE ON HIGHGATE HILL, ABOUT 1830.

From "The Annals of Hampstead."

to Hampstead which renders the chronicle one of peculiar attractiveness." Those are the opening sentences of Mr. Barratt's work. They are significant. In the first place, they indicate the writer's thoroughness, his determination to get to the very root of his subject; in the second, they point to his firm belief in the natural and historic attractiveness of the famous northern suburb with which he is so peculiarly fitted to deal for the delectation and enlightenment of his fellows.

"One Who Knows." Mr. Barratt, welding link after link into a finished chain of evidence, is as desirous of accuracy as he is of imparting his information picturesquely and not pedantically. The ground he covers is very wide: that is nothing to him: to use a cant phrase, he is one who knows. For the best part of his life he has been a resident in Hampstead, "on the high vantage-ground of the Heath," and it has endeared itself to him from the boyhood during which there was scarcely a tree upon it with which he was not familiar to the manhood which has increased his affection for it and made him the master of the splendid Bell-Moor collection of pictures, prints, documents, books, and relics of which the present volumes are the direct outcome and reflex, a collection which has been over thirty years in the gathering. So it is that his story, concerned in its beginnings with the days of which the historian, the antiquary, and the man of science can tell us exceedingly little, speculate brilliantly as they may, marches magnificently through the generations, a thing of colour and of fascination, telling of life and death, barbarism and civilisation, the first settlers and the more famed who followed, cuckling-pool and miraculous well, saints and sinners, villeins, boors and bondmen, pilgrims

And it should be remarked, further, that our historian is no mere book-maker compiling a hash of other's findings. He has searched for himself, and is able to light many a corner hitherto in darkness. There is, for example, that "almost entirely new chapter of history . . . in the account he gives of Belsize during the period of the Civil War, the Commonwealth, and the Restoration. Colonel Thomas Bushell comes new upon the scene, marrying Lady Anne Waad and cutting a somewhat striking figure as a Royalist officer; and we have a great clearing-up of old doubts concerning the identity and actions of Colonel Downes and Serjeant Wilde. Downes's name had been mentioned by other writers in connection with his objecting

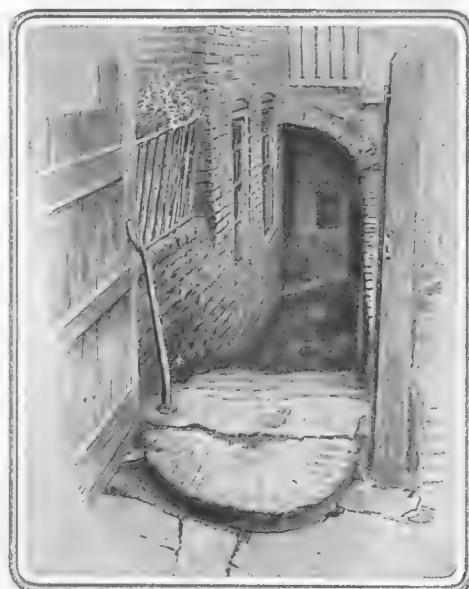
to a Government levy made upon the people of Hampstead in aid of sufferers from a fire at Marlborough, but that was all; it was even questioned whether or not 'our Hampstead' was meant. But, thanks to Mr. Barratt's researches, Downes now stands revealed to us as a sometime occupant of Belsize, one of Cromwell's Councillors of State, and, later, one of the signatories of the death-warrant of Charles I.—ultimately being tried and sentenced to death as a regicide. Not less new are the facts given regarding the residence at Belsize of the gallant Daniel O'Neill and his wife, the famous Restoration beauty, the Countess of Chesterfield, both of whom died at Belsize. . . . So the author takes us from period to period, and reign to reign—the Campdens, Lord Wotton, the Gainsboroughs, the Chesterfields, Sir William Langhorne, and numerous historic personages of Georgian days pass across the Hampstead stage—and so on down to the present time, with ever-growing interest." We quote the Introduction, at once a summary and a criticism of the work. Thus we have sought to indicate in a measure the scope of Mr. Barratt's volumes, which will surely and deservedly rank amongst those labelled "standard."

For the rest, we have but space to say that they are absorbing, and should find honoured room on many a library's shelves; and that the illustrations—over five hundred of them, admirably reproduced—form a splendid collection of the greatest value. Hampstead is happy in its latest historian.



WHERE DICK WHITTINGTON "TURNED AGAIN": THE WHITTINGTON STONE NEAR THE ARCHWAY TAVERN, IN 1912.

From "The Annals of Hampstead."



A RELIC OF THE WINDMILL THAT ONCE STOOD ON THE SITE OF GEORGE DU MAURIER'S HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD: THE HALF-MILL-STONE STEP TO THE AREA OF 119, HEATH STREET.

From an Original Drawing by A. R. Quinton. Reproduced in "The Annals of Hampstead."

HEROIC TREATMENT.



'ARRY (as BILL takes to water): 'Ere, Bill, wot yer doin' of?
BILL: Jest givin' me inside a norrible shock.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

FROM THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT.



"That ain't true these 'ere Turks are all wot yer might call teetotlers, in a manner o' speakin', is it?"

"Yus, that's right."

"Oh, well, there y're, then!"



FRIEND (admiring the prodigy): Seventh standard, is she? Plays the pianino an' talks French like a native, I'll bet.

FOND BUT "TOUCHY" PARENT: I've no doubt that's meant to be very funny, Bill Smith; but as it 'appens, you're only exposin' yer ignorance: they ain't natives in France—they're as white as wot we are.



THE MINSTREL OF YPRES.

(NOW YPRES WAS THE ONLY TOWN THAT WAS NOT SACKED BY SPAIN.)

By MARY CHADWICK.

IN the Municipal Chamber of the great Cloth Hall, the Syndics of Ypres were gathered together to discuss grave matters. Only the day before, the Minstrel had been found in the centre of a throng in a corner of the market-place, reciting ballads to the people, to which they were listening with breathless interest. Nor was this the first time that it had occurred—it was ever thus. Whenever a crowd was gathered in Ypres, the Minstrel with his tawny jerkin and his black-and-yellow striped hose was sure to be in the midst of it. Sometimes the people were laughing as though at some fine jest, but more often they were listening with that same eager interest as though it were a matter of vital importance. But whenever a Syndic stopped to listen, the crowd dispersed with a shrug of the shoulders and the Minstrel leaped down from the window-ledge or fountain-basin where he had been crouching, shouldered his little hurdy-gurdy, and made off.

As the members of the Council found it impossible, either with their own ears or by hearsay, to find out what it was all about, they came to the conclusion that he was up to no good, and that it was sedition that he was spreading, and therefore they were gathered together that bright May morning to discuss what were best to be done.

There was among them one old man, of a fiery and choleric disposition in spite of his white hairs, who was for seizing the unfortunate man and for throwing him into one of the dungeons below the Cloth Hall as a rebel; but there were others who pleaded for more pacific methods, maybe because they feared the people, and it was well known that this man's influence in the city was great.

These prevailed, and it was decided at length to bring the vagrant before them, to reason with him and make him see that his course was an evil one, so a messenger was dispatched to find the man, and, if possible, to persuade him to return with all haste.

When the envoy had started, the Elders began to debate among themselves if the Minstrel would obey their summons, for all knew him to be a haughty and independent fellow, and that unless it answered his purpose to do so, nothing short of violence would deliver him into their hands. But before long the messenger returned, bringing with him the man in search of whom he had gone.

When he stood before them, the Council was abashed and could not determine what course to pursue to bring home his guilt, for the evidence upon which they had to go was, after all, nothing but surmise. There he stood before them, his face tanned to the shade and texture of leather with long exposure to the sun and rain, his white hair contrasting strangely with his comparatively young face and piercing, restless eyes. His appearance seemed to break their arguments as an autumn frost cuts down the last of the summer flowers. There he stood before them, waiting for some speech that would show him wherefore the messenger had been sent.

But the Council, knowing not what to say, sat silent, anxious to see if the Minstrel would break that ever-increasing tension. But he only shifted from one foot to the other, and then moved the strap of the hurdy-gurdy a little further on his shoulder. Then he gazed at each of the solemn faces seated round the table in front of him, and then he spoke.

"What have ye to say to me, my masters? Wherefore have ye summoned me before you?" he said. "Surely it is not merely to gaze upon me like a peep-show at a fair! Tell me plainly, in what have I offended?"

At this the wrath of the choleric man exploded and he got upon his feet to storm.

"Done—what hast thou done!" he said. "Hast thou not stood at street-corners spreading sedition?—hast thou not taught the

people to despise the law, to turn from us, its agents, with a shrugging of shoulders as we pass?—hast thou not gained entrance to the houses of the richest and the poorest?—dost thou not go where we are forbidden, gaining for thyself admittance with the ballads thou sing'st from door to door?"

But the vagrant looked the angry Syndic in the face with a glance as steady as his own and answered him thus—

"This is a false charge you bring against me, Syndic, and you are not unaware that it is so. My mind is as far from rebellion as the ice is from the heat of summer, and if you had ever listened to the ballads that I sing up and down your streets, you would know whether it were you or I who speak the truth in this matter. I give the people different teaching from what you accuse me of—comfort to those that sorrow, a few jests to lighten the lot of the forlorn, songs and stories for the children: tell me plainly where in this is the sedition and rebellion of which you speak?"

For a moment there was a deep silence throughout the Chamber, and then another Elder rose from his seat.

"Thou hast made the people love thee more than they do us, or the law that we enforce, and we fear that if the people find thy singing more to them than the bonds of law and order, they will cease to respect our regulations and listen only to thy legends and romances. In time they will forget their country and her claims upon them; and then if the foe should come, they would break before him like rotten timber."

But the Minstrel flushed with anger when he heard these words, and replied with a deep oath that he taught the people to love their country with a deeper affection than ever the law could instil, and he taught them to venerate their God and Our Lady more than the law could enforce, and in them he was seeking to build up a noble spirit of patriotism, so that they would die, if need be, rather than that their city should wear the fetters of Spain.

The Council listened to him, sighed and shook their heads, wondering if this man's words or their own surmise were the more correct, and at last they dismissed him with strict injunctions that should any song of his disturb the peace of the city, he must beware.

The minstrel left the Council Chamber slowly, feeling that until this trouble had blown over his lips were sealed, and he wondered how the people of Ypres would take his silence. He crossed the open, cobbled market-place before the Cloth Hall on his way to the narrow, winding lanes where he knew that he might find a shelter until it would be safe for him to venture into the open streets again. As he went through all these squalid parts of the town, he saw things that did not come before the notice of the City Fathers as they went home in the soft spring twilight to supper and to bed.

He saw men with frightened faces huddled in arches and doorways, men so amazed that their breath came through their dry lips in short, faint gasps, and they were scarcely bold enough to question those around them if the rumour could be true.

He strode from one group to another, asking them questions, and then he went on his way, full of words, but silenced by the Council, lest his speech should disturb the night's rest of the Syndics of Ypres.

"War!" the people whispered, trembling.

"War!" they echoed, with lips blanched with fright. "If the Spaniards come and take the city, bathe its roadways in our blood, who will help our wives and children?—who will save our great Cathedral, with its holy vestments and its vessels of gold and precious stones, from being defiled and torn away from our keeping?"

The Minstrel heard them, but was silent; he turned away and took no heed when men pulled him by the cloak and begged him to

[Continued overleaf.]

tell them what to do. He passed by, and the burghers marvelled—wondered why he had left them when their need was the sorest—left them, apparently, not caring if they sank broken-hearted and stricken unto death under the heel of Spain.

But even though the Minstrel kept the silence that had been imposed upon him, the rumour reached the ears of the Council, and early the next morning the Elders met in the Cloth Hall to discuss this far weightier problem of how to meet the approaching foe, how they might save their city and all that was in it from the dreaded army under the Duke of Alva.

All day long the Syndics sat in consultation, but they could come to no decision—they had no soldiers even if they might raise leaders, and there was no time to hire mercenaries from other countries. At last, the youngest of them, who was considered a mad fellow by all the others, suggested that as they were at their wits' end, they should call in the Minstrel, the same whom they had put to silence the day before, and see if he could not tell them of some plan, taken from an ancient legend or romance, by which they could save the city.

They sent an envoy to him immediately, who, having found his man with difficulty, was met with a resolute refusal to come before the Syndics, and took nothing back with him but an angry message to the effect that they had better call out the citizens and bid them arm and save themselves.

It was evening before the messenger got back, a hot, close evening, with a feeling of thunder in the air, and the Syndics set the great bell in the tower of the Cloth Hall swinging, to call the burghers to arms with its deep reverberations. But although the bell tolled all night the men lay still and silent, waiting for their Minstrel to tell them how to act. And as the men waited for orders from the one whom they thought they could trust, the dreaded army came closer over the sullen, waiting marshes.

In the morning, when the Syndics assembled in the Cloth Hall to enrol the army which they hoped would have gathered in the night, not one man presented himself, and they determined to stretch the law to its utmost limits and compel the citizens to come to the defence of their town.

The chief of the old men went out upon the little gallery overlooking the market-place, where there was a crowd waiting to see what would happen. He summoned the people with a trumpet and said that now the law must take its course, and that demanded that every male who was grown to man's estate should come forth to do battle for his country; and if they did not come, their goods would be seized and their chattels declared confiscate. Then the Council withdrew to wait in deadly anxiety to see if this and other threats that they had used would induce volunteers to enrol themselves.

But the burghers only huddled still more closely under the arches and doorways, fearing for the approach of Spain, but fearing still more what the silence of their Minstrel might portend.

When the Council saw that any decree that they might make was utterly useless to move the people, the choleric Elder lost his temper, and suggested that they should catch this pestilent fellow and wreak their vengeance upon him for his mocking message that they should raise the city. But the Minstrel was not to be found, and the situation grew hourly more grave, and after nightfall the youngest member of the Council was sent in disguise as their ambassador to seek the Minstrel and to implore his aid. The Councillor wrapped himself in an old dark cloak, and sought up and down the lanes and alleys, and in and out the lowest inns before he found him. At last he discovered him, in one of the meanest of these, drinking deeply, with a woman on his knee. At first the Minstrel did not seem to understand what the messenger wanted, and went on drinking and talking to the girl, but at last the young man's earnest words seemed to penetrate his fuddled brain.

"What's this you want?" he asked. "Do you mean to say that you have tried every way you know, and that still they won't come?"

The Syndic nodded.

The Minstrel laughed, drank from the tankard at his side again, and swore a great oath.

"On your knees, then, you swine of a Syndic, swear to me that your power over the people is not worth that—" and he clicked his fingers in the other man's face—"swear that you are beaten, and you come to me as the only man in Ypres that can help—pah!" and he spat upon the dirty floor to show his contempt of the Council and the law. The young man told him that this was no time for trifling and that their need was very grievous, that an army must be found that night, and that if he could raise the men, they had the leaders.

With a cry of exultation, the Minstrel swept the woman from his knee, drew a short dagger from the battered scabbard that hung on his hip, and brandished it above his head with savage yells. He dashed the tankard from the table and rushed from the room, while

the wine trickled over the floor and was soaked up in the sand. All night long he moved swiftly through the streets and lanes of the city, calling upon rich and poor alike to arm, waking those that slept and bidding them snatch any weapon that came to hand and hurry to the market-place, and by the time men understood what he said, he had gone.

But they gathered denser as the hours slipped away towards morning, and the torches flashed and glittered, now on the rich suits of armour, now on the naked swords, or even the rakes and pitch-forks which had been caught up in haste by the poorest of the people.

The City Fathers went out on their little gallery before the Cloth Hall and marvelled—wondered that the Minstrel, with a word, could inflame the city and send the men with one accord flocking armed into the market-place, followed by the women, showering oaths and vindictive cries upon the armies of Spain.

The little host marched from the city at dawn, led by members of some of the noblest families of Flanders, for the Minstrel had not been negligent in finding leaders as well as troops, for he wished them to be worthy of each other. He watched them go, and then withdrew to the lanes and alleys upon an errand of his own.

It was not long, counted by days, before the two armies met, and, as might be expected, the host of burghers was routed and driven back for shelter into their own town.

At the gates the Minstrel met them and asked them how they had fared, questioned them upon their white, scared faces and the bloodless weapons in their hands. And they told him all, and he rounded upon them.

"Ye went out as fools!" he said—"as madmen, trusting in your own strength! Ye should have gone with a priestly benediction and a prayer for help before the shrine ye should have sworn to save."

The men stood round like whipped curs, but the Minstrel did not spare them.

"I foresaw this evil chance that would come, and I said a prayer for you every day, that ye should not be entirely wiped out. I prayed for you in the dim Cathedral from noon even until dusk, and one day as I prayed, I saw a miracle befall.

"This maiden here," and he pointed to a woman at his side, "knelt beside me, bearing in her arms a sickly infant. She, poor wench, prayed for his life, he being dearer to her than life itself—and together we prayed our several prayers before the great Madonna of the Jewelled Cloak. As she prayed the light grew stronger that illuminated the shrine, and I saw the golden mantle slip from the bowed shoulders, and the Virgin Queen of Heaven come down from her pedestal, dressed as was this peasant here. She took the child in her arms, hushed him to sleep against her own warm human breast, in remembrance of the other Little One who nestled there, and then gave him to his mother, just a baby needing rest.

"Now, my brothers, if Our Lady hears the prayers of one poor wench, how much more will she listen to the prayers of hundreds of her servants if we assemble in the Cathedral here to-night. Come now with me, and let us swear together to save this shrine, and to-morrow I will lead you forth to face great Spain a second time."

One by one the defeated townsmen crept into the dimly lighted building, and before Our Lady of the Golden Mantle, swore to save her shrine from demolition. But before morning, news came that the Duke of Alva was marching upon the town, and the Minstrel led out his army without opposition.

Sometimes, in spring, the dykes go down and are swept away by reason of the weight and fury of the water that is driven against them; and thus it happened that the burghers, in the frenzy to save their city and the shrine of a Madonna who could work miracles, rushed against the trained army of Spain, and with the tumult of their onrush, confused their discipline and carried all before them. The army of Alva was driven back, routed by a handful of townsmen, whose only tactics were zeal and devotion, and whose leader was a half-crazy Minstrel.

But in their joy, the people forgot their leader, who had cheered them through the conflict with songs of victory, and when his song had ceased, thought that he had moved to another part of the field. He was stricken down in the press, wounded unto death; and when at last he closed his eyes to earth and sorrow, he knew full well that they had won the day.

All forgot him until that night the army were returning thanks for their victory in the Cathedral, and then it was only a woman with a baby on her arm who went to seek for his body on the battlefield outside the city. She wept hot tears over her beloved when she had found him, and she buried him herself in a place where the Syndics never came.

THE END.



VENTRILLOQUISM : IN VARIED VEIN.

ARTHUR PRINCE has once more justified his name, and has returned to the Palace, where he is always sure of a rousing welcome. He is beyond doubt the best ventriloquist we have. In the first place, his control over his voice and facial muscles is extraordinary. Not once through a long performance

can one discern the slightest movement of his lips while his little sailor-man is speaking and singing, and his feat of drinking a glass of wine without ceasing to converse is quite perfectly accomplished. In the second place, his sailor-man is a masterpiece of mechanism and manipulation, and it is difficult to believe that the artist has not actually a living mannikin upon his knee. In the third place, his dialogue is of a far higher order than one is accustomed to in this species of entertainment. It is genuinely humorous, entirely free from vulgarity, and never allows the audience to relax its attention for one moment. A critic with a disposition to carp might perhaps be led to dilate upon the longevity of this particular sketch, and to suggest that Mr. Prince

ORGANISER OF A CONCERT FOR THE DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK AID ASSOCIATION AND THE LEYSIAN MISSION: MISS PHYLLIS HOLMAN. Miss Holman worked very hard organising a concert held early this month for the institutions mentioned.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

might possibly see his way to giving us something new. But Mr. Prince has tried other sketches, weighed them in the balance, and found them wanting, and has found it better to stick to the old love. Here his policy is probably the right one, for there are no outward and visible signs of the audience growing tired of it. Familiarity in this case has not bred contempt, and Mr. Prince can get as many laughs to-day as he ever could. He cannot, therefore, be blamed for not introducing us to something more novel. Music-hall audiences are tremendously loyal to their favourites, and there have been many cases of the same turn being repeated for many years without the slightest alteration. I remember how, years ago, I used to enjoy seeing the Brothers Griffiths long after I knew every word of their patter by heart.

Biff!

Under this new and not particularly attractive title appears a new one-act piece at the Tivoli, the chief part in which is filled by Miss Lottie Venne, who is no stranger to the halls. With her is Mr. Kinsey Peile, who permits us to meet him in the dual capacity of author and actor. The little piece tells the bright little story of the careless wife who never knows where anything is, and who either leaves her diamond tiara and pearl necklace lying about or deposits them in vases or coal-scuttles. In order to cure her of this disquieting insouciance her husband visits her in the dead of night attired as a masked member of a gang of foreign cracksmen who have already despoiled a neighbouring flat. He reduces her almost to hysterics with the aid of an unloaded revolver, but she soon pierces his disguise and, loading the revolver, brings him to his knees and forces him to surrender the hundred pounds in notes which he has that afternoon drawn from his bank for "odds and ends." He beats a retreat, and returns to find that he has been tricked. Meantime, the real burglar, discovered in hiding, flies from the room, having secured no booty—a fact which the wife attributes to her habit of secreting her jewellery in the odd places afore-mentioned. There is nothing

noticeably brilliant in this playlet, but the dialogue is just snappy enough to give Miss Lottie Venne an opportunity of giving us a taste of her quality. There are few actresses who can give more point to a line when the line is there to afford her the chance. She goes through her part with infinite vivacity, and all the quaint humour which we have learned to expect from her. Mr. Kinsey Peile renders all the assistance required, and the production must be accounted a complete success.

At Piccadilly Circus.

Even the conservative "Pav." has fallen into line, and is providing a musical piece on its own account. It is described as an Oriental comedietta, and it bears the title of "The Harem Lily." It is the joint work of Messrs. Arthur Anderson and Hartley Carrick, and the music is by Paul Lincke. It is apparently of foreign extraction, but it has become thoroughly Anglicised in the process of adaptation. The story tells of a popular vaudeville star named Marietta, who in a moment of pique has run away from her lover, Mario, with whom she has been in the habit of appearing on the stage. He follows her and ultimately discovers her in the harem of a bulky Pasha named Shahaba. Here he is captured by the Pasha, who makes all arrangements for putting him to death, to the accompaniment of variegated and complicated tortures. This undesirable finish is, however, frustrated by the machinations of a variety agent called Schlipps, who, by some means or other, has become astrologer to the superstitious Oriental. That credulous potentate is

made to believe that Mario is his twin soul, and that death to Mario will mean death to himself. He therefore pardons the intruder and Marietta, and accepts the offer made by Schlipps, that he and the ladies of his harem shall accept an engagement at the London Pavilion. The "book" is crisp and gay, without aiming at a very lofty standard of wit, and the lyrics fit in very well with the action. As Marietta, Miss Marjorie Maxwell sings well and looks extremely well. She is supported with much obesity by Mr. Bruce Winston as the Pasha, and with considerable dry humour by Mr. Stuart Debnam,



IN HER RIDING-HABIT AS SHE PLAYS: MISS ELSIE SPAIN AS BELLA PEACH, DAUGHTER OF AN ARGENTINE MILLIONAIRE, IN "THE DANCING MISTRESS." AT THE ADELPHI.

It need not be said that Miss Spain plays her part very charmingly and successfully: she always does.

Photograph by Claude Harris.

while as Mario, Mr. Rex Curtis is quite adequate. The music throughout is tuneful and cheerful, and quite a pleasant half-hour can be spent in its company. Another popular turn at the Pavilion is that of the McNaughtons.

ROVER.



ON THE LINKS

A ROYAL RECRUIT TO THE ROYAL GAME: AFGHANISTAN TAKES TO THE BEST SPORT FOR KINGS.

Lo! the Amir! Another monarch has joined the flag. With the exception of the King of Italy, the Balkan chiefs, the Sultan of what is left of Turkey, and a few African and Asiatic rulers, all the heads of countries and nations are now given up in some degree to golf. It is the Amir of Afghanistan who has lately succumbed to what the common people call the golf fever, and all the reports from Kabul indicate that he has it seriously. He has had a nice course made for himself, and has the greens well kept. And when he goes to play he becomes so concentrated on the game that he resents any intrusion on the part of state or public affairs, and particularly a little way that his humble subjects have fallen into lately. Knowing that the great Amir inevitably, sooner or later (just at present it is probably later than sooner, for the Amir is going through all the most violent golfing tortures, as we have all gone through them), will arrive at the holes and will surely look into them, some have taken to dropping their petitions into them. It might be well if these far-seeing Afghans were, for their petitions' sake, to acquaint themselves with the idea of the game, and to be round about the course somewhere when the Amir is playing, and not put their petitions into a hole until they have seen what has happened to his drive and his second. This is vitally important if one is asking, say, that the life of one's brother may be spared. If the Amir misses his ball twice on the tee, drives out of bounds with his third, puts his fifth into the pond, tops his seventh and eighth, gets on the green in ten, and then takes four putts, all this being at a hole which is an easy bogey five, one would naturally speculate that, should he see the petition then, he would be disposed to expedite the brother's departure. On the other hand, if the Amir has been seen to have run the bunker in front of the tee, to have got his second along somehow, fluked his third on to the green, and gobbled a long putt, any of his dutiful subjects might be quite safe

by themselves, and is the result of their skill, or their want of it. If they played cricket with princes, ambassadors, or slaves, they could never be certain that the bowler was not pitching them nice, easy slows of such a kind that they could not miss; if they played tennis, the man on the other side might pat the ball just where majesty might most easily return it to an awkward place; if they went out shooting, the birds and beasts would be driven before their guns; even if they played billiards in the palace after dinner,

the opponent might, in his worldly wisdom, as it seemed to him, continually leave the red on the edge of one of the top pockets. But this sort of thing is not done very well in golf. The other man may foozle his shots so that the king may win the hole, but he cannot surreptitiously help the king to make good ones, and to get the holes in par. Here, then, is a chance for the self-discipline and improvement of kings such as does not come their way very often, and they are seizing it.



ON THE GOLF LINKS AT SOSPEL, NEAR MENTONE: THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

A Regular Royal Game. It was only the other day that Miss Decima Moore was telling me how she discovered the course on which black King Daudi Chwa, of Uganda, played his game, and how fond of it he is becoming. In China and Japan there are native princes learning to drive, to pitch, and to putt. Now that the Amir has become a golfer, one may expect soon to hear of the Shah playing at Teheran. The Tsar has tried the game, but has not yet achieved much success at it. Perhaps it is hardly right to consider the Kaiser as absolutely a non-golfer, because he has had clubs in his hands, and in different ways he is giving the warmest encouragement to the golf movement in Germany. The potentates of Scandinavia have been trying it. King Alfonso of Spain is, perhaps, the keenest of all golfing monarchs (save and except the Amir, in his present hot enthusiasm), and perseveres mightily with a certain handicap



SHOWING THE NEW HOTEL IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION:
ON THE MENTONE GOLF LINKS.

The popularity of the golf links at Sospel, near Mentone, has proved so great that it has been decided to build a new hotel on the links. Croquet and tennis lawns are also to be provided.

in petitioning him for anything within reason. In such a case as that cited, the brother might be elevated to some considerable office, such as a deputy executionership.

Good for Kings. From such a very reasonable consideration as this it is made to appear that golf is a game that is peculiarly suitable for kings. It is perhaps the only one in the participation of which they may be sure that things are not being made specially easy for them just because they are kings; they may be certain that there is no flattery, that all they do is done



GOLF ON FAMOUS SOUTH-OF-FRANCE LINKS: THE 9TH TEE
AT SOSPEL, NEAR MENTONE.

in that he is left-handed. King Manoel, in retirement in England, has become an earnest golfer. King George of Greece knows the game. The King of Italy is one of the weak spots of Europe in this matter, for he does not play. I have assumed all along that everybody knows that our own King George long ago became a golfer, and that Queen Mary has, in these latter days, followed suit. There is evidence of the extent to which his Majesty believes in the game in the fact that he has encouraged his son, the heir to the throne, to persevere with it. Yes, certainly, it is a royal game.

HENRY LEACH.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 28.

CHINA.

IT is freely rumoured that important developments are pending with regard to the six-Power group and China, in that a further important group of English banks is to be associated in future with the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, who have, up to now, alone been recognised by the Foreign Office. This is the more satisfactory since Continental interests play no small part in the control of this latter concern, while the new names mentioned in this connection include some essentially English firms.

We do not know whether Mr. Crisp is to be included, but we consider it improbable, and the attitude he takes up with regard to the fulfilment of the second half of his contract for the ten-million loan will be interesting, as, unless he is agreeable, the Salt Gabelle will not be available as security for any further issues.

The position is not without difficulties, and unless the onerous restrictions, both as to amount and conditions of control, which were previously demanded by this group, are materially modified, no good results can be looked for. It is to be hoped, however, that the lesson has been learned, and that a more reasonable attitude will be adopted.

We have always held a high opinion of China's credit, preferring it, in fact, to that of Japan, and we look on the last loan as an attractive investment; but it would undoubtedly be to China's benefit to put an end to the present position, if it is at all possible, especially as further large amounts will probably be required during the next few years.

THE AMERICAN POSITION.

One of the most noticeable features of late has been the weakness of American securities. The decision of the Supreme Court in the Union Pacific merger case has undoubtedly been the primary cause, but there are several other factors which have also contributed to the decline. The most serious aspect of this decision is that it makes the results in similar cases against many other large corporations practically foregone conclusions; and the splitting up of their various assets would be sure to have an unsettling effect upon business.

Again, the fears of tariff-revision seem to increase rather than subside, doubts being expressed in some quarters as to whether Dr. Wilson will be able to resist the demands of some of his supporters who hold extreme views.

The money position in New York is still very difficult, and when it is remembered that Wall Street has recently had to absorb a large amount of stock which was sold from Europe during the Balkan crisis, it will be realised that the bears have had a good deal in their favour.

With regard to Union Pacifics, as we stated last week, we do not think there is any necessity for the decline. No property is being destroyed or confiscated, and control of the Central Pacific, which is most important, is to be retained. The question whether the Preferred shareholders would be entitled to share in any distribution of Southern Pacifics is important, and would have to be settled by the lawyers; but in any event, if a distribution is made, the bonus on the Ordinary will be substantial, and in our opinion, a purchase of this stock at the present low price should show a handsome profit before long, in addition to a substantial return in the meanwhile.

THE MANILA ELECTRIC RAILROAD AND LIGHTING CORPORATION.

We are often asked to recommend a high-yielding security with reasonable prospects, and we think the Common shares of the Manila Electric Railroad and Lighting Corporation are worth consideration in this connection, as the Company continues to prosper and is well and soundly managed.

In addition to the usual quarterly dividends of 1½ per cent., a bonus of 1 per cent. was declared the other day, which puts the shares on a 7 per cent. basis, and at the price of 120, including the 2½ per cent. distribution referred to, the yield is about 6 per cent.

During the year 1911 over 9 per cent. was earned on the \$5,000,000 Common stock, and for the first ten months of the current period net earnings show an increase of \$55,320, so that over 10 per cent. should be earned, although only 7 per cent. is distributed. The beneficial results of American government in the development of the Philippines are clearly shown in this Company's progress, and the prosperity of the districts served seems likely to increase considerably during the next few years.

ODD NOTES.

National Telephone Deferred have recently been weak, chiefly owing to the agreement which has been reached over the amount to be paid in connection with various claims of the Company, amounting to £3,293,000. The sum of £2,055,500 was agreed between counsel, and the Market was disappointed.

As a matter of fact, we do not think shareholders need be despondent, although it is clear that some of the more extravagant

estimates cannot be realised. The items still remaining to be decided represent some seven millions.

The announcement that the Council of Foreign Bondholders have been advised of the payment of £12,474 on account of Guayaquil and Quito Railway Bonds definitely ensures the payment of the coupon due on Jan. 1 on the 5 per Cent. Debentures. The total amount received since July 1 is sufficient for interest and amortisation on the Prior Lien Bond, and after payment of this coupon there will be a surplus of £6000. Although nothing has yet been settled about the arrears of interest, we consider the improvement in the position more than justifies the recent rise in the quotation.

We hear that a new Australian Gold-Mining prospectus is to make its appearance before very long. We have, of course, no details at present, but from those who know the district well, we gather that the shares are far better left alone.

It looks as though the Cuban Railways are likely to have another successful year, as the sugar crop, upon which they depend for the bulk of their traffic, is reported to be excellent. It is rather earlier than usual, several factories having already started crushing the cane, and if present estimates turn out correct, the output will show an increase of about 10 per cent. over last season's total of 1,900,000 tons.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

They—being the City Editor—have asked me to send in some stuff several days earlier than usual, in consequence of the Christmas holiday arrangements; and the temptation is severe to fill up half a column or so with Stock Exchange stories, as being less likely to be out of date than lucubrations regarding the markets generally. However, one has to resist temptation sometimes, so it needs must be that I write painfully and haltingly somewhat in advance of the paper's publication.

The Stock Exchange, of course, is full of charity, and the only defence against the numerous appeals is to be armed with a collecting list of some sort oneself—a precaution which I have adopted. Do not start—I have no intention of begging for your hard-earned guineas just now, although if anybody cares to send them along, they shall be put to a most excellent use, the object being an institution supported almost entirely by Stock Exchange subscriptions. So now you can guess, if you like, what it is.

The Government bought a quarter of a million of Consols in one morning last week, and the price at the end of the day showed ½ fall. Obviously, therefore, the oft-told tale about scarcity of stock in that market needs revision. It seems to me that wise people would have taken advantage of the recent rise in the price of the stock to get out; because that Goschens will keep up for any considerable period is highly doubtful, however much the market may be supported now and then by purchases on behalf of the Insurance Act Commissioners.

The North-Eastern strike came most inopportune, for the public were beginning to buy Home Rails, encouraged thereto by the consideration that the "fat" dividends were close at hand, that at present prices the yield on the money was not at all bad, and that the disturbances abroad were all to the good of domestic securities. But the unpardonable strike has scotched much of the incipient willingness to take a hand in Home Rails. Apart from the question of Knox altogether, the hard part of it is that the men seem quite ready to tear up their engagements at a day's notice—if not in less time than that; and when one side refuses to play fairly, what possible chance is there of permanent peace between the parties?

I heard it argued the other day that the fugitive strike was, in reality, a bull point, inasmuch as it would paralyse trade for the time being, and so divert to the London Stock Exchange part of the money which otherwise would be going into manufacturers' own businesses: a fantastic idea, but advanced by a man quite gravely. It is an extraordinary thing that, with trade conditions booming all over the country, London should be suffering from lack of employment in various ways. It is a fact that for jobs worth £1 a week there will be anything between thirty and fifty applicants; and hard-working young fellows have come to me within the last week or two declaring their inability to find employment of any sort, although Christmas is near and Christmas trade active. One hears the same story from other people; and the only reason which I can suggest for it is that the Metropolis is in the main a clearing-house, and that the same reasons which militate against Stock Exchange activity at a period of great trade briskness are equally operative in the case of men looking for work in London.

I might go on dilating on this theme at some length, but again the nigger-driver mentioned in the first line of this illuminating address stands with brandished scissors over my devoted copy. Wherefore, I am almost moved to hope that the Suffragettes will pour ink into the pillar-box into whose throat slip these precious words; for, in that event, he himself would have to fill up the space which now is occupied by these random remarks cudgelled from the brain of—

THE HOUSE-HAUNTER.

Friday, Dec. 13, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor.

The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

R. F.—(1) Cape Electric Trams are improving their position and reducing the Debenture debt, and the shares look a fair commercial risk. We consider Mount Elliots overvalued, and should advise a sale.

H. H. (Derby).—The less you have to do with the people you mention, the richer you will be. We look upon the shares as valueless and your money as lost. Another time write before you buy, not afterwards.

D. W. (India).—We have answered you by mail.

NOTE.—As we go to press early this week, we ask the indulgence of correspondents whose answers are held over.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

LIGHT ON LUBRICANTS — TALBOT RECORDS — ELIMINATION OF THE GEAR-BOX — PETROL-SAVING.

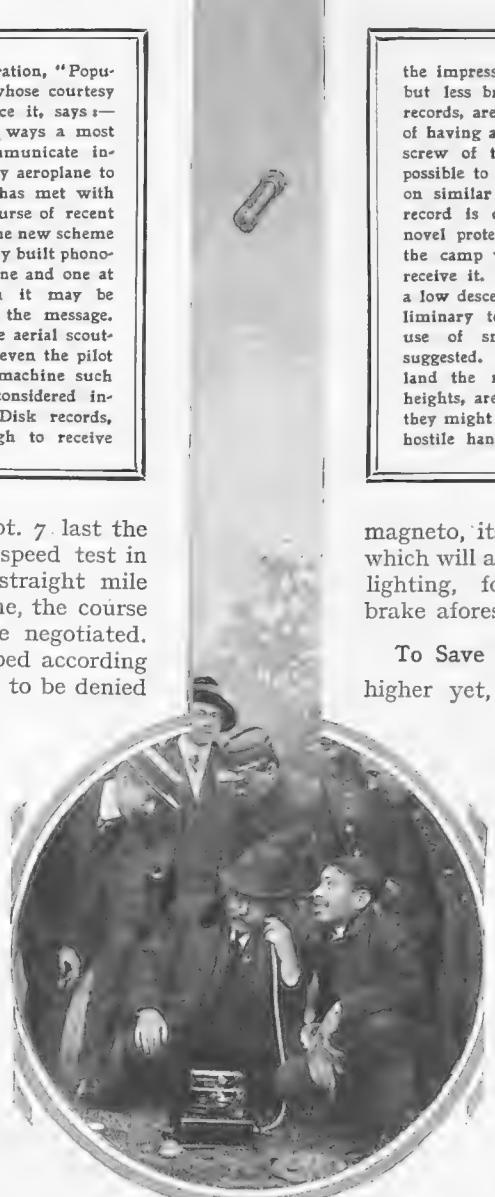
Take Thought to Your Oils. Few motor-car owners and fewer professional drivers take sufficient thought as to the character and quality of the various lubricants used upon their cars. To-day two, and frequently three, kinds of oil are found necessary—one sort for the lubrication of the engine; another for the multi-disc clutch, when multi-disc clutches are fitted, as they so often are; and yet another sort for the gearbox, for to-day few, if any, motorists expect gear-wheels to do well on gear-grease. One cannot be too particular with regard to the engine-oil, which has nowadays, by reason of the high piston-speed and high compression of modern engines, to be much thinner than of yore, and yet to withstand heat better than the old oils. Then thought should be taken as to whether the system of lubrication is wholly forced, forced and part-spray, or spray altogether. The same one or the same two oils will not serve in these three methods with equal satisfaction. There is one firm of oil-refiners who have given close and prolonged expert attention to this question, and put out oils that are certain to be satisfactory in each case. I refer to Messrs. Price's Patent Candle Co., Ltd., whose various lubricants are stocked all over the kingdom, and whose experience therein commences from the earliest days of motoring in this country.

Two Talbot Triumphs. The doughty Talbot triumphs both at home and abroad. The ink is hardly dry on the sentences which chronicled its meteoric performance at Brooklands when information is to hand of successes in the far-distant Transvaal. On Sept. 7 last the Transvaal Automobile Club held their annual speed test in the vicinity of the Modder G. Gold Mine. A straight mile was measured out, but, though taking a right line, the course presented a dip, and a gradient which had to be negotiated. The cars took a flying start, and were handicapped according to horse-power. The Talbot was, of course, not to be denied in a country which it has made its own, and, in the shape of M. Hoare's 15-h.p., covered the distance at exactly sixty miles per hour. Not content with this, the same car, twenty-two days later, won the Transvaal Automobile Club's Hill-Climbing Competition, putting up a record for the climb—1,400 yards in 1 min. 46 3-5 sec. This climb takes place up one of the steepest hills in the Transvaal. And this not being enough for glory, a 12-h.p. Talbot was second.

The Itala Variable-Stroke Engine. Show visitors returned from the Salon d'Automobiles in the Champs Elysées report that little of novelty is to be found under the sweepingly majestic roof of the Grand Palais de l'Industrie. The exhibits at Olympia had taken the cream off the new models, although here and there a French manufacturer who had shown one new type at West Kensington had put another of a different power on his stand in Paris. But as they varied little or nothing in detail, this was not very exciting from a spectator's point



DESCRIBING this illustration, "Popular Mechanics," by whose courtesy we are able to reproduce it, says:—"A novel and in many ways a most interesting effort to communicate information from a military aeroplane to officers on the ground has met with marked success in the course of recent experiments in France. The new scheme involves the use of specially built phonographs, one on the machine and one at each headquarters which it may be desirable to have receive the message. Then in the course of the aerial scouting trip, the observer, or even the pilot himself, dictates into the machine such information as may be considered interesting or valuable. Disk records, of a material soft enough to receive



NEWS SPOKEN INTO A PHONOGRAPH BY AN AIRMAN IN FLIGHT; THE RECORD DROPPED TO EARTH; AND THAT RECORD "READ" BY WATCHERS BELOW.

of view. The chief novelty of the Exhibition appears to have been the new variable-stroke Itala engine, which was shown upon the Itala stand, and drew crowds of the cognoscenti. By virtue of its variable stroke this new engine is to do away with the gear-box, that one old-man-of-the-sea which the automobile engineer has never yet been able to dismount successfully. Of course we shall see what we shall see; but it is not possible to imagine that clever, brilliant engineers like those who are responsible for that fine car the Itala, and for the most successful rotary-valve Itala engine, are likely to deceive themselves in the matter of this new production.

Predictions de Faroux. M. Faroux, writing in *La Vie Automobile*, has delivered himself of certain interesting pro-

phees concerning the automobile of the future. I should not be surprised to find one or more of M. Faroux' predictions taking shape before long, particularly in the matter of an electrical brake. Our French confrère sees a dynamo used as a brake, probably after the manner in which electric brakes are used on tram-cars to-day, and the energy

employed for arresting the car, so far from being consumed in heating up the brake-drums, caused to drive a dynamo, and the current so generated stored up to do useful work in tyre-inflation and engine-starting. M. Faroux sees the chassis of the future minus frictional brakes altogether, save some form of locking to hold the car on inclines. Then he foreshadows the disappearance of the

magneto, its place being taken by a low-tension generator, which will always be busy in supplying current for ignition, lighting, for the horn, and to act as the dynamo-brake aforesaid.

To Save Petrol. With petrol at its present exorbitant price, and likely, so it is rumoured, to go higher yet, any device which will bring about a saving of the precious fluid is worthy of attention. Such a one is the Saunders Petrol-Saver, a clever little device, which is simple and easy to detach, and, moreover, obtainable at a reasonable price. The special recommendation is the fact that the settings of existing carburetters, whether as to jet or air-flow, do not have to be meddled with. The Saver takes the form of a little open-ended cylinder about the size of a biggish thimble, which is screwed into the inlet-pipe above the throttle. In its open end, which opens into the intake, is a taper conical valve, the apex of which is connected through a lead by a Bowden wire to a lever set on the steering-standard beneath the wheel. The little cylinder is pierced with four air-holes, through which air can obtain access to the intake in quantities governed by the taper conical valve already mentioned. This valve, however, makes an air-tight joint when desired. Owing to the shape of the valve, the velocity of the mixture is increased by the air entering at such an angle, too, that the mixture is made completely homogeneous.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Running Away from Christmas. Family affection not being a characteristic of modern English people, it is hardly surprising that every year sees a diminution of the Christmas party. The "Spring Running" of the Jungle Book is a trifle to the now universal running away from Christmas. Not that anyone can escape it altogether. On steam-boats and in hotels, at the seaside or on the tops of high mountains, the fête of Dec. 25 will inevitably be celebrated. Yet no one seems to mind if only they have not got to eat turkey and plum-pudding in the society of uncongenial relatives. The old-fashioned party is, of course, an anachronism, since it was only a survival of the feudal system which has now been replaced by a somewhat blatant Individualism. However, we do not, nowadays, demand of each other to be "gay," as Guy de Maupassant used to say, "à date fixe." We are not so artless and self-satisfied as our forebears of Victorian times. It is almost impossible to imagine a Christmas party in any part of these islands so bland and childlike as the famous one in "Pickwick." For one thing, there would sure to be among the company a fanatic for hot-water, a vegetarian, or a hygienic specialist of some sort, who would view with disfavour the unlimited consumption of Punch, roast beef, and fearful and indigestible sweets. The *Zeitgeist* does not incline us to a rollicking hilarity regardless of the morrow. Possibly the by-gone feasts of our ancestors have something to do with the pensive and reasonable attitude towards Christmas which we undoubtedly possess. They, good souls, had the fun—such as it was—and we feel the consequences.

The Only Real Philosophers. I do not know anything more

poignant than to see a child that never laughs. For our tiny contemporaries are the only really joyous people; they are, moreover, the only true philosophers among us. Is it not they who have the happy faculty of taking things as they come, of never expecting too much, of being grateful, like dogs, for small pleasures and infinitesimal favours? They have the priceless faculty, too, of being able to snatch amusement out of anything—out of your appearance, dear reader, or mine, as we pass along the street, or out of trifles light as air. Anything strange, queer, or unaccustomed will suffice to arouse their ready, good-humoured mirth, and I know no such entrancing sound as the laughter of little children. For in it there is no suspicion of malice, nor any of that *Schadenfreude* which makes the smiles of so many grown-up people more odious than their frowns. The children of our upper classes are probably the happiest young things in the world, for the meticulous care which is taken of them ensures their good health and consequent high spirits. But what is more amazing is the semipiternal good-humour of the slum-children, who, poor mites, preserve a cheerful demeanour in the midst of dirt, squalor, and insufficient feeding. These accomplished philosophers will extract as much amusement out of a box on wheels as a rich child would out of a

miniature motor-car, and rag dolls are as dear to the girl-baby in an alley as the most sumptuous wax puppet to her contemporary in Grosvenor Square.

The Advantage of Chinese Dress.

We have so long had the Chinese lady, with her tiny, tortured foot, held up to us as the embodiment of everything that is unhygienic and unprogressive, that it is startling to have an American Suffragist recommending the Chinese female costume as an ideal form of attire for her own countrywomen. The dress of the Middle Kingdom is certainly more practical and hygienic than that of Japan. The wide plain trousers, loose coat, reasonable sleeves and absence of head-gear make up a most comfortable costume, but Westerners would have to stick to the marvellous colours and beautiful embroideries of China if they wished to preserve the charm of it. These somewhat sack-like garments cut out of tweeds and serges would be lamentably inartistic and unbecoming.

They are merely a background—as plain as a screen—on which to throw birds, butterflies, dragons, and other adorable animals which peep out of sleeves and linings which come from Peking. Then, sables and other costly furs are largely used in the bitter cold climate of North China, and these things add to the beauty and cost of a dress. But it is in discarding the hat altogether that the principal revolution in Western attire would come in, and it would be a reform which would save incalculable sums of money. For every year, in Europe and America, modish hats become more costly, and are fast attaining prices which put them out of the reach of ordinary people. Soon, to possess a Parisian hat with feathers will "place" a woman just like the acquirement of a diamond "fender." And presently the female worm will turn, and we shall all be going about "in our hair," for all the world like a grisette in the Faubourg Mont Parnasse, or a great lady in Nanking.



THE GLORIFICATION OF WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY: SOME NEW EVENING COIFFURES.

No. 1 is a smart head-dress of royal blue tulle, with a lancer feather standing out at the side. In No. 2 an artistic effect is achieved by the hair being swathed and a few roses laid on, to give the effect of a wreath without its heaviness. No. 3 is a most becoming coiffure for a blonde, with the two paradise plumes worn in this original manner. No. 4 is a coiffure formed of a torsil of white tulle, round which is twisted a row of pearls ending in an ornament over the ears. No. 5 is a natural-looking head-dress, in which are placed three aigrettes, in graduated shades, which give a very new and smart effect.

treuil-sur-Mer, were thus accosted by the landlady, a typical Frenchwoman of eighty odd: "Avez-vous donc déjeuné à peu près selon vos idées, Messieurs?" Now the breakfast had been admirable, and the *patronne* was, of course, aware of the fact, but still she modestly demanded of her guests if they had been pleased. It is a typically French proceeding—for, of course, the Gaul knows, and loves, good food—and this attitude makes even a hurried meal, partaken in a French tavern, something of a ritual, a thing not to be lightly envisaged. One cannot picture the landlady of even a first-rate English inn taking this intimate, artistic interest in our ideas about food. She would give you what she had, hand you the bill, and have done with it. There would be no gesture of curiosity, no desire to know if you were pleased. Truly, we are divided from our French neighbours by abysses, and in none deeper than that we do not possess, racially, as they do, *des idées*.

"Selon Nos Idées." The author of "Erewhon" tells a story of how he and another, after lunching at the inn at


Goldsmiths' Corner.

People now have the Christmas look about them; it is one of cheery bustle, which accords well with the good-hearted business of the season. I saw it on scores of faces in the justly celebrated establishment of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, now so handsomely enlarged, as their owners were busily selecting and inspecting the many beautiful things suitable for gifts. Very dainty and refined in taste are a pair of gold and white enamel links, the price of which is only £2 10s. Anyone wanting presents for men will find plenty in these show-rooms. A diamond buckle-shaped brooch set in platinum at £8 5s. is a lovely gift for a lady; so, too, is a pair of long diamond-sapphire-and-pearl ear-rings at £8 5s. A beautiful little diamond neck-slide, which any lady would wear with pride and satisfaction, is only £7 10s. Quite exceptional value lies in a diamond-and-pearl necklace, set in platinum, at £9 10s. One of the now fashionable long shaped brooches in pearls, diamonds, and sapphires, at £13, is also most effective and handsome. A flexible bracelet in diamonds, sapphires

and pearls, with platinum front, at £17 10s., is a very handsome gift. A lovely lacework brooch, in fine diamonds, is £27; a pair of diamond-and-pearl ear-rings, of beautiful shape and finest gems, cost only £8 10s.; while a beautiful and novel-shaped neck-slide, in pearls and diamonds, mounted in platinum, is only £6 10s. The illustrations of some of these which appear on this page may be left to speak for themselves.

Sure to be Liked Gifts of such beautiful handkerchiefs as those supplied by The White House, 51, New Bond Street are sure to be liked. There are already in stock handkerchiefs embroidered by hand in any combination of two-letter monogram. Ladies' size (12 in. square) are 7s. 11d. per dozen, and gentlemen's size (19 in. square) are 16s. 9d. Others have handsome and slender two-letter monograms, in gentlemen's size (19 in. square) at 30s. per dozen; in ladies' size (12 in. square), with a two-letter monogram and Louis Seize knot, at 16s. 9d. per dozen. A new catalogue, which will be sent post free from The White House, will suggest hundreds of dainty and acceptable presents.



A GIFT TO CHARM THE LEADING FEATURE: A DAINTY POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

The White House.

easy to get them. At Finnigan's, 18, New Bond Street, there are quantities of presents to choose from, every one of which has these attributes. There are long-shaped black moiré bags with gold and platinum, or with silver and silver-gilt clips, that are very handsome and rich, in just the unobtrusive way that smart women like them to be. Very pretty and quite out of the common are

Tasteful and Refined. We want all our friends to have things tasteful and refined, but it is not always

black silk bags, in French Pompadour style, with little flowers on them. For the Riviera, or for England later on, when white and light-hued dresses are worn, white enamel bags are very *chic*; these are all long and narrow, to go comfortably into a muff, while they have a strap to go round the hand for safety. For men there are cigar and cigarette-cases in black moiré with gold clips, letter-cases, card-cases, betting-books, all in this fashionable fabric and colour, and all quite flat, so as to be worn with evening-dress conveniently. The illustrated catalogue will be sent to anyone who writes for it, and will give a much better idea than I can of the many beautiful and varied presents to be found at Finnigan's.

Best by Name and Nature.

There are few gifts which make a more sure appeal to smart and fastidious people than really good and nice jewel-boxes, despatch-boxes, and dressing-cases. F. Best and Co., 188, Sloane Street, and at Aldford Street, Park Lane, have a great name for these always attractive and useful things, and they thoroughly deserve it. Letter-cases, with pockets for unanswered letters, with a blotting-pad at the back, and fitted with a

lock and key, in dark-green, dark-blue, and purple, make wonderfully useful gifts for busy people. The Lennox bag is a really smart thing in green, purple, blue, steel-grey, otter-brown, or black; it is slung on cords and is fitted with a purse, and with many compartments. A new bag is in fine powder-grain Newfoundland seal, with silver-gilt, flexible edges; it is fitted with a powder-puff in a leather envelope, and a leather-covered mirror; it is a really fine thing and can be had in all the newest colours. The Ideal jewel-boxes are most complete for their purpose, and are beautifully made. Pocket-books, too, are a specialty of the firm, and fitted dressing-cases. An illustrated list will be sent post free on application, which will furnish very useful information about these very special boxes and cases.

One Great Charm.

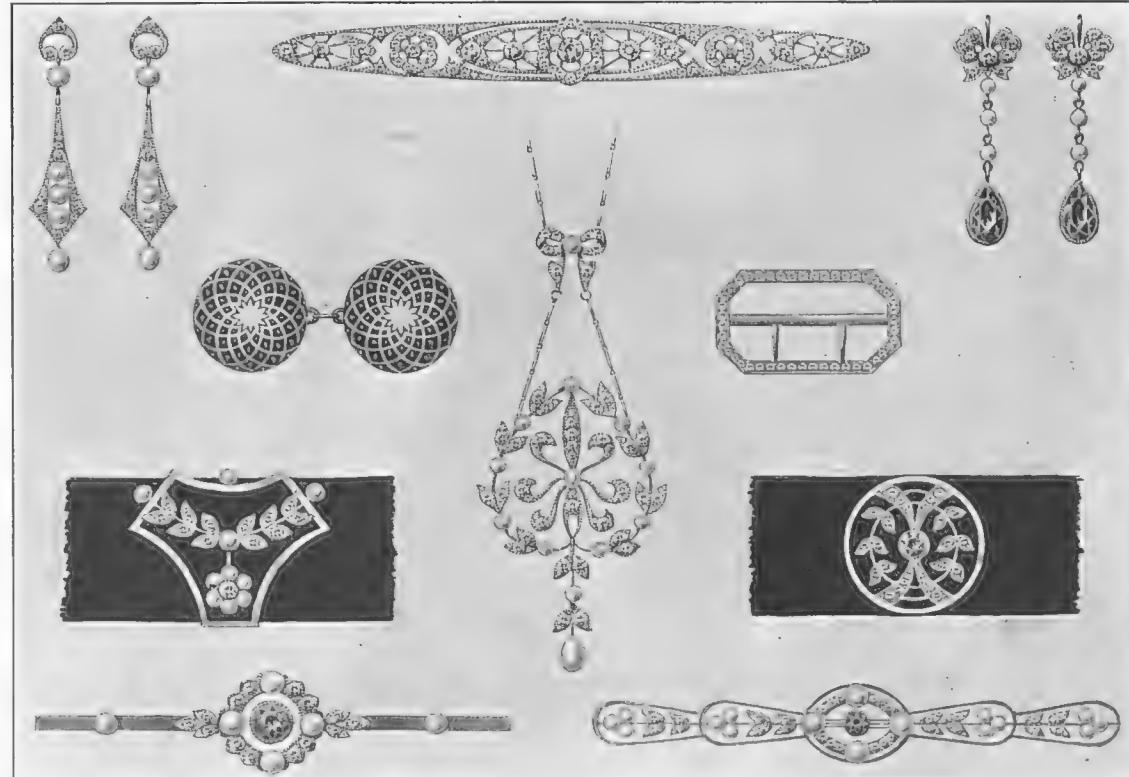
A fine white, regular set of teeth is a great charm. Since Odol appeared we see far more of this charm than in former days. Odol cleanses the teeth, is a remarkably efficient and pleasant antiseptic mouth-wash, and keeps the mouth sweet and healthy. A pair of bottles of Odol enclosed in a velvet-lined casket will make a useful and ornamental Christmas gift. There are also metal cases, most handy to carry the well-known and indispensable bottle when travelling. They are made in nickel-silver, silver-plate, and solid-silver. Most chemists will supply them, as well as Odol and caskets; should any difficulty be encountered, it will be smoothed away on application to the Odol Chemical Works, 59-63, Park Street, S.E.



A GIFT THAT SAVOURS PLEASANTLY IN THE MOUTH: ODOL IN FANCY CASES.

The Odol Company.

[Continued overleaf.]



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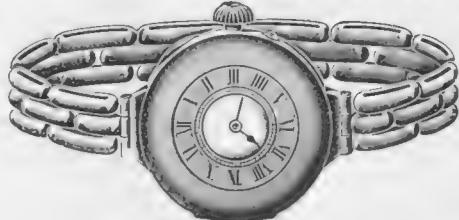
CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Mr. Ernest Thesiger as "The Green God"; A Coloured Joan of Arc; Practising the Farandole; Followers of the Hounds; Flattery in Golf; Mlle. Renouardt in Scheherazade Costume; Miss Clara Beck in "Tom the Piper's Son"; Undergraduates as Classical Dancers; Miss Degna Marconi and Master Julio Marconi; Mr. Henry Ainley as Malvolio; Mme. Alla Nazimova in "Bella Donna."

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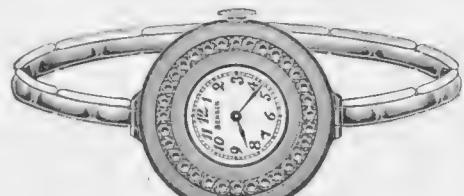
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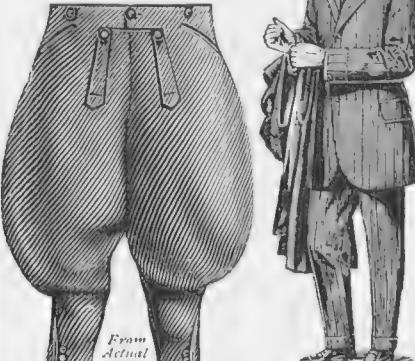
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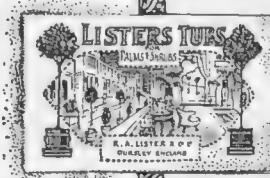
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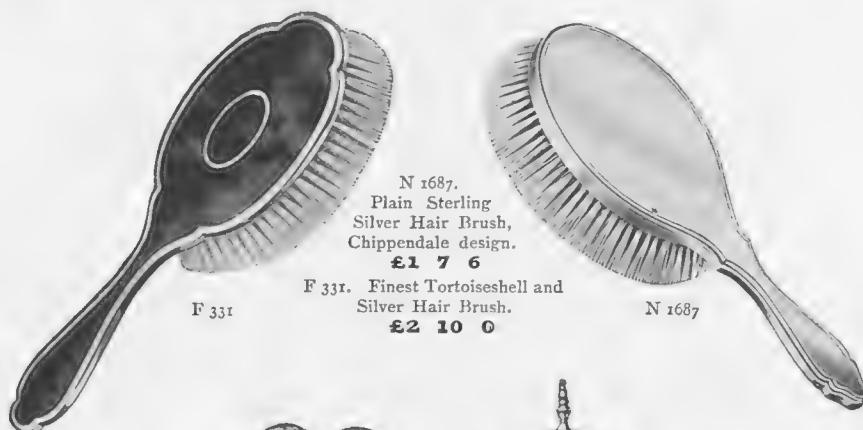
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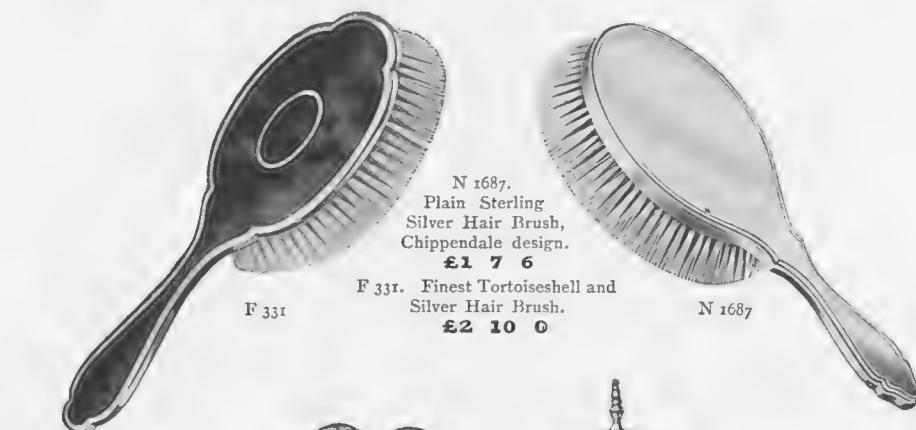
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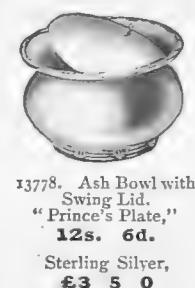


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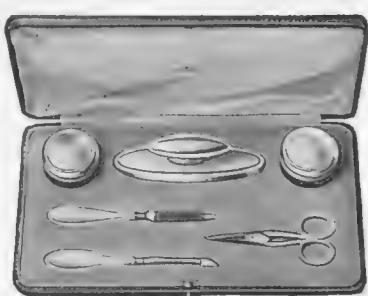
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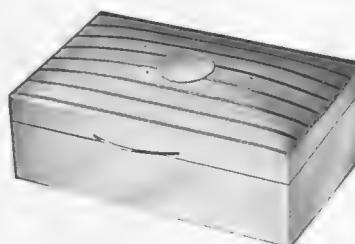
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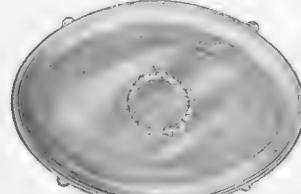
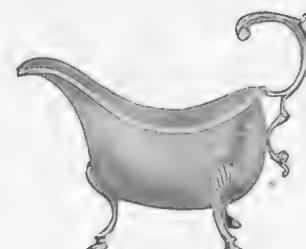
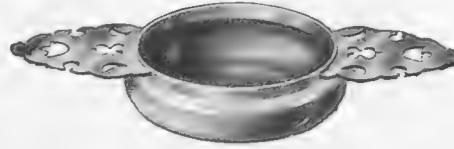
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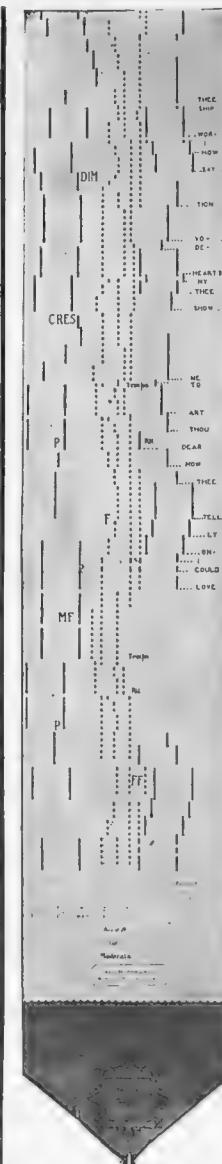
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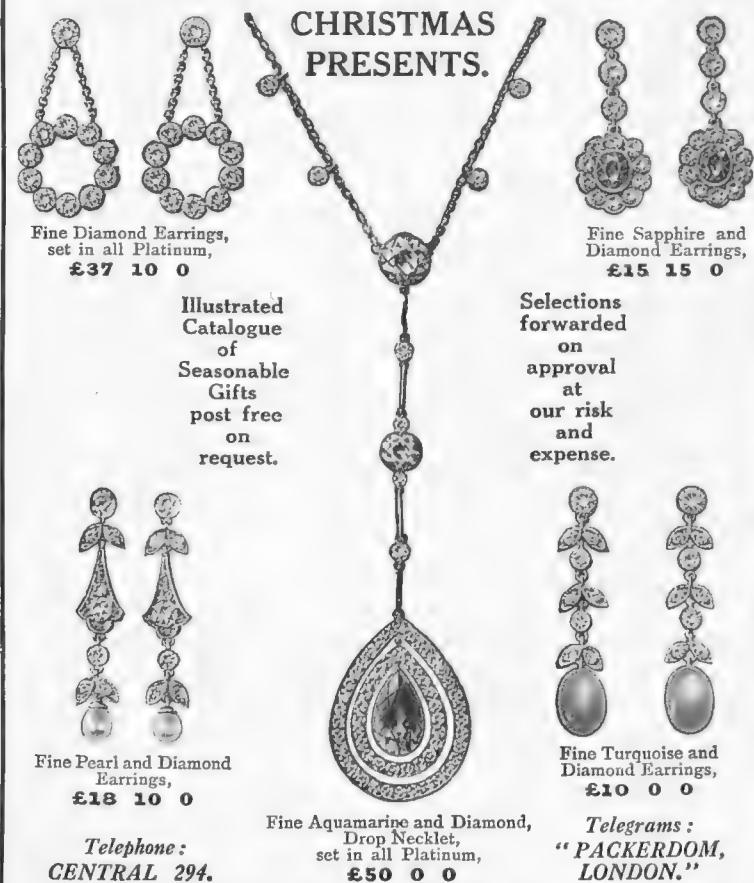
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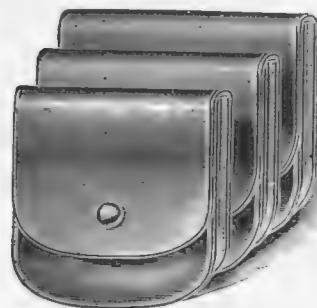
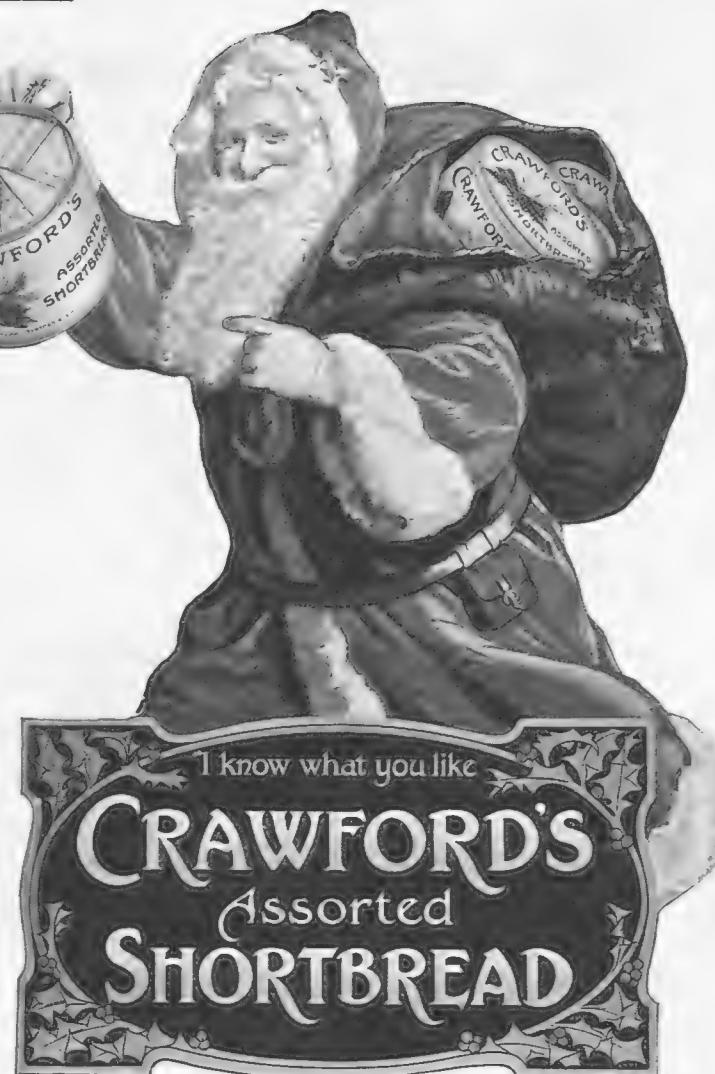
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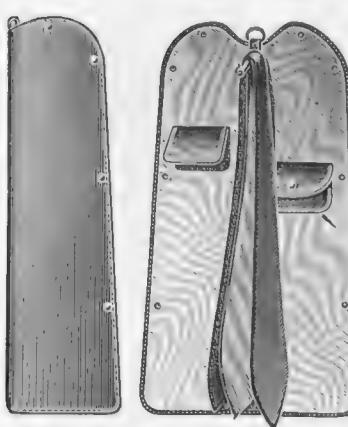
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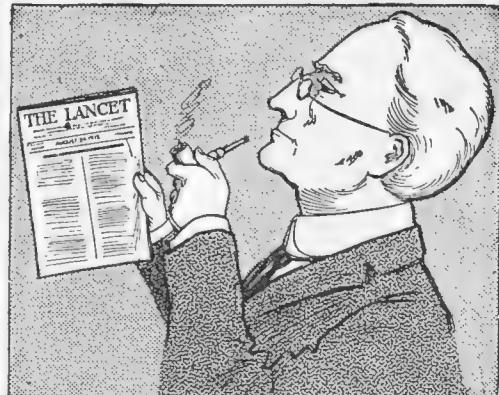
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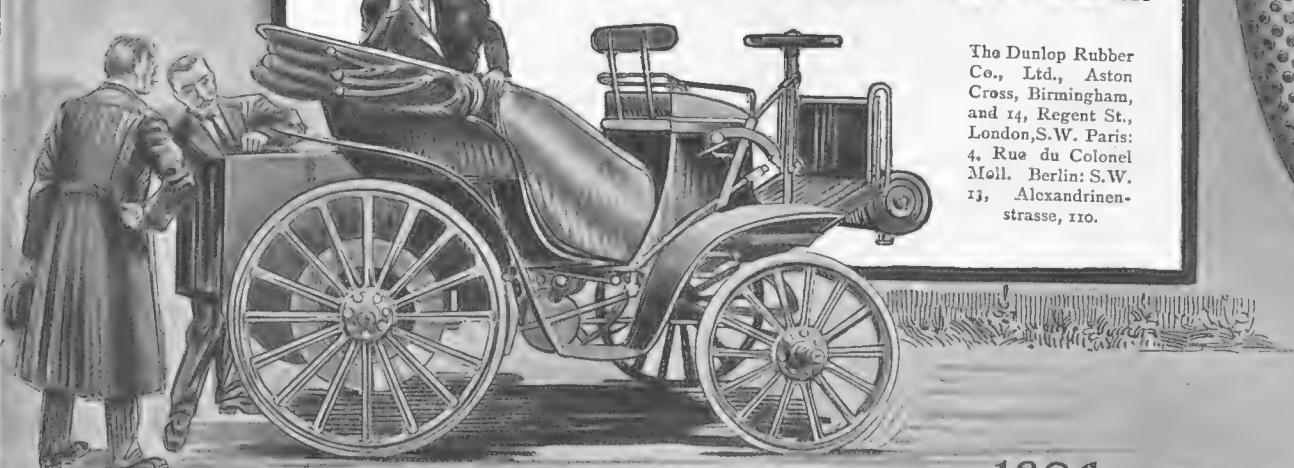
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EARLY MOTOR-CAR TYPES. No. 3.—The Canstatt Daimler.

For the third of our early motor-car types we have to go to Germany, whence we return with the archaic-looking Daimler here shown. This is one of the earliest types emanating from the brain of Herr Gottlieb Daimler, the father of the modern motor-car, and was built at Canstatt in 1894. Carriage design is adhered to more faithfully than in either the Bremer or the Panhard, described earlier. The engine, it will be noticed, is carried at the back, whilst the two tanks, in front of the dashboard and under the body respectively, contain water and petrol. Petrol was also fed from the petrol tank to two spirit lamps, which heated the platinum ignition tubes. When these lamps blew out on a windy day, as they frequently did, the car incontinently stopped. When in motion it could be reckoned on for 15 miles an hour.

Dunlop tyres were not fitted, but a little piece of contemporary history may be interesting. In 1894 the detachable Dunlop cycle tyre had been on the market just a year. Its introduction, at a time when the problem of tyre repair was taxing the wisest heads, and its simple method of working, produced a profound sensation in the cycle world. As one journal remarked at the time, "The Company are determined to leave no stone unturned to keep the leading position in the manufacture of pneumatic tyres." It is by the steadfast pursuance of this policy that the Company hold to-day the same place in public estimation as in the far-away days of the Canstatt Daimler.

DUNLOP TYRES FIRST IN 1888: FOREMOST EVER SINCE.



The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham, and 14, Regent St., London, S.W. Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll, Berlin: S.W. 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.

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AND OTHERS.

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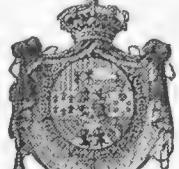
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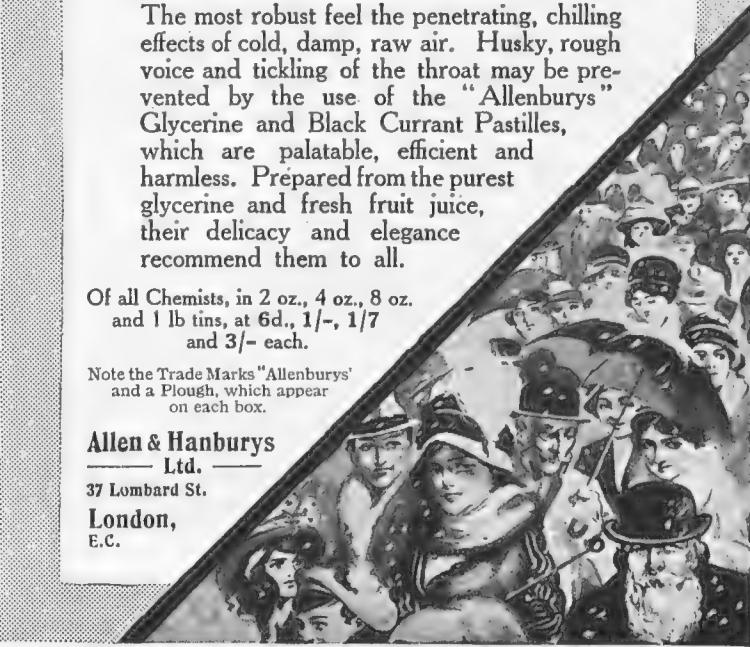
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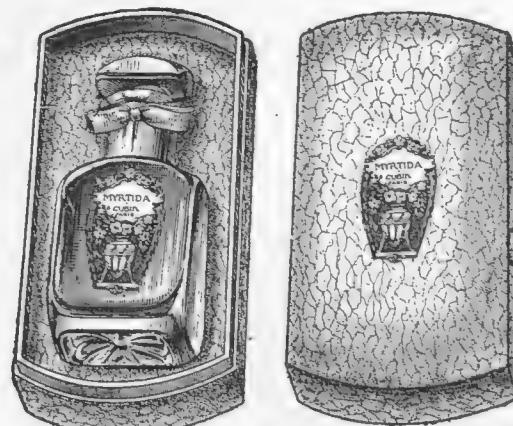
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Messrs. Huntley and Palmer.

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[Continued overleaf.]



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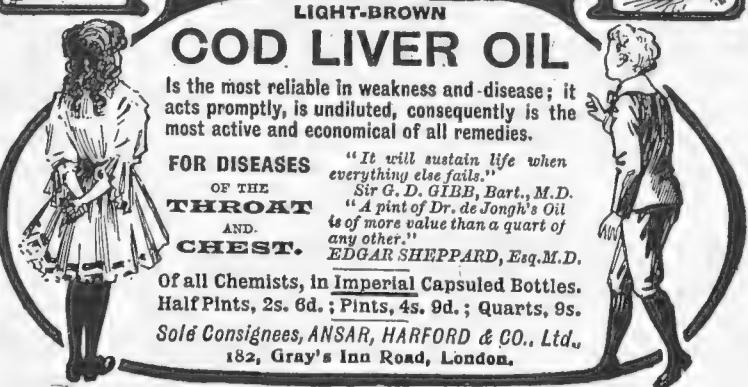
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

HERE is a boom in coincidences: "The Eldest Son" in subject manifestly resembles "Hindle Wakes"; whilst "The Waldies," the latest production of the Stage Society, is very much like "The Younger Generation"; and there is no ground for supposing that Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Houghton, or Mr. Hamlen are guilty of plagiarism, even in its most venial form. The thing is in the air, and family pictures promise to give the Seventh Commandment a rest in the theatres that appeal to the intellectual playgoer. "The Waldies" is quite amusing, and has a good plot that leads to moments more exciting than in the other plays named. The characters are very well drawn. When a starless company, after little rehearsal, gives a performance which, despite some "fluffing," is really good, one knows that they are representing real people, and not those theatre stock-pot puppets of whom we have grown very tired. One may single out for particular admiration Miss Ellen O'Malley, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt (who promises to become the mode), Miss Gwendolen Galton, also Messrs. Norman McKeown, Charles Bibby, and Anthony Ward.

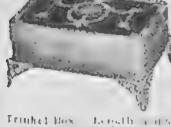
The Play-Actors' production called "The Man with His Back to the East" is somewhat too enthusiastically written either to serve its propaganda purpose or fascinate an audience. There is some ability in it, but the author has been carried away by the subject, and a play when it gets out of hand is rather a formidable thing. There was some pleasant acting by Miss Mary McKenzie, and Mr. Hubert Willis showed very considerable ability.

A few years hence some of us will swagger a little because we have seen the greater part of "Troilus and Cressida" on the boards—not the whole, for even the Elizabethan Stage Society and Mr. William Poel had to make some cuts, and not merely on the ground of propriety. It is doubtful whether the work will be given again for many years. Without suggesting that the production was anything like perfect, it was a good enough one to enable one to apply to the play the famous phrase of Jeffreys—"This won't do." One need not explore the many mysteries connected with the piece, but in looking at it one theory at least seemed correct, which is that much of it is merely a rough draft: the esoteric humours alleged to exist (the exact nature of which is in dispute) of course do not appeal to the general public, and the satire is as dead as would be ironical remarks about the construction of the Pyramids. Miss Ethel Evans, a lady of talent and charm, was forced, for some unexplained reason, to represent an incredibly affected Cressida. Mr. Esmé Percy as Troilus, and Mr. P. L. Eyre, the Hector, were quite

impressive. The prologue was very well spoken by Mr. R. Neville, and the lines of Ulysses by Mr. H. Doughty. But why, oh, why, were some of the warriors represented by ladies, quite unsuccessful in concealing their sex?—and still more why a female Thersites? It is all very well to speak of the lady as a Scots "Corney Grain," but there is a difference: that dear, quaint, vast creature of infinite mirth would at least have uttered his speeches in a manner comprehensible by us. Mr. Poel played the Pandaros with a Cockney accent for which there seems no warrant; he certainly acted with considerable humour.

The first of the Christmas pieces is an old friend called "Where the Rainbow Ends." Of its kind, the piece is decidedly good. No doubt the authors fail to exhibit the touch of imagination which renders a few works of the class delightful to everybody. Still, there is a coherent story—or would be "if it were not for the dances in between," and a Demon King and a lot of supernatural machinery, elves, sprites, bogies, genies, hyenas, fairies, and other "fearful wild fowl," to say nothing of the introduction of St. George in shining armour. Mr. Roger Quilter's music, of which there is a great deal—but not a bar too much—is the most agreeable aspect of the affair. It is quite charming, both in invention and execution. The Children whose adventures in strange lands form the subject of the piece are very cleverly represented by some young people. Mr. Reginald Owen made an impressive figure of St. George, and Mr. Clifton Alderson a reasonably terrible Demon King. Valuable assistance is given by Mr. James Carew and Miss Lydia Bilbrooke. The dancing of little Miss Mavis Yorke was heartily applauded, but there is too much of it.

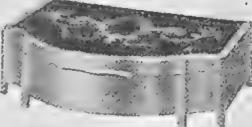
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THE CHRISTMAS CRACKER.

THE Christmas literature is all out of date. From age to age volume after volume traces with meticulous care the rise of nearly all our Yuletide merry-making and graver observances to pagan origins. But there is not a volume or a treatise known to the present writer to tell of the mute inglorious Da Vinci-Edison who first conceived the notion of the inestimable Christmas cracker. We can trace everything else, even to the very first Christmas card designed and printed, but the cracker, which has become at least as great a work of art as the card, and, if you desire, a great deal more costly, lacks lyrist and recorder. There is a hiatus here in the history of Christmas which Messrs. Tom Smith, the princes of the cracker calling, ought seriously to consider.

We know with what instruments the Hittites crossed their t's and dotted their i's; we know exactly the penalty which rare old Hammurabi imposed upon the jerry-builder and the absentee landlord centuries before Moses arose; we know how many horses and asses, goats and sheep, how many singers and minstrels, how many languishing Jewish beauties, and how much eye-paint, and how much gold and silver, stripped from the high places of Jerusaleim, Sennacherib received as a war-indemnity when, as he said, "Hezekiah himself I shut up like a caged bird within Jerusalem, his royal city." We know all about the civilisation of Crete, thousands of years before the dawn of Grecian culture. All this and more we know of the storied past. But to the junior Christmas reveller the history of the cracker is of more immediate import, and we simply don't know a word of it. It is, so far as can be seen, the artistic gift of commercial genius to a favoured age and people. But in whose fertile brain it was cradled, and what was the precise date of its nativity, it passes the knowledge of the present deponent to declare.

We did not borrow the cracker from the ancients, for the reason that they could not have made its prototype. They had not the gelatine, they had not the paper, they had not the printing art, and above all, they had not the little explosive which inspires the charming recipient with such a passion of mingled alarm and exultation. The caps and aprons and other decorative devices may be relics of the Saturnalia, if you will, but the rest is desperately, cleverly new.

But how did they begin? Were they created to receive the bonbon designed for New Year's giving in Paris? In many parts of England the entire cracker is called a bonbon. Which came first, the sweetmeat of that name or the dainty *cosaque* which contains it? The first forms seem to have had primitive variants of those of decorative and receptive origin, for in John Leech's time the cracker was true to its name, being then, in some

of its forms, a sort of young bomb, which was pulled by nervous maidens twain, and exploded with shattering detonation. The artist was inspired to an admirable drawing of young ladies of his time, two of them tugging with trepidation at a cracker and exclaiming with all their merry hearts, "I know I shall scream!" Doubtless they did scream, cheerily, melodiously; and for a generation since their successors have re-echoed their merry outcries.

As this year's excellence of trade transcends that of all other years, presumably the high record of 1906 will fall, when 16,000,000 English crackers went the way of their countless predecessors. We are more numerous and more wealthy than was then the case, so we might pop our thirty millions this year. The value will certainly be up. The cracker is an article which lends itself with extreme plasticity to the artistic fashioning of the man with ideas. Tom Smith will sell you what you want, at from a farthing to ten pounds per cracker. But there have been crackers costlier than these.

The other year we were told that a North Country millionaire had eclipsed all records in the matter of crackers by getting himself a boxful for a level £100. But the claim to record was based upon insufficient data. In great affairs, such as these, words should be weighed. It will all be put right, of course, when the true and stirring narrative of the history of the Christmas cracker, from its origin onward, comes to be written. The fact remains that the record was wrongly claimed. Someone had been on the war-path earlier and done the thing more regally. This, however, was a silversmith's commission. He wrapped his crackers in rare old lace and figured satin; he fashioned for every cracker a silver casket, and each casket contained a precious ring or brooch. The whole consignment, which numbered half-a-dozen crackers, was enclosed in a silver box, and the price was £250. Even that did not eclipse the feat of an earlier pioneer. This man's design issued in the form of a golden cracker in the likeness of a sheaf of wheat, whose modelling gave a first-class goldsmith six months' work. Within was a ring with diamonds and pearls. And the neat little four-inch cracker went for the upset price of £400.

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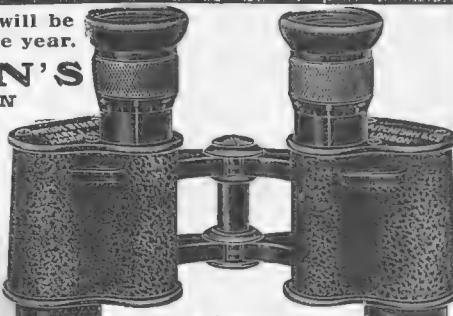
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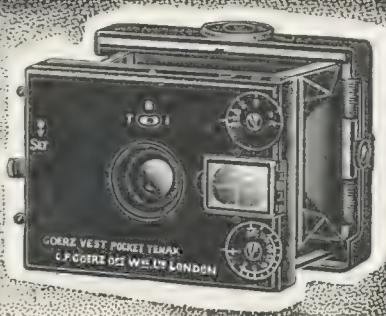
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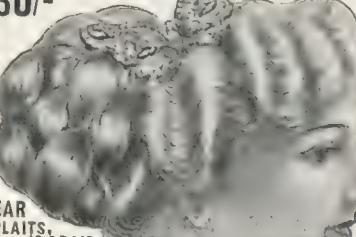
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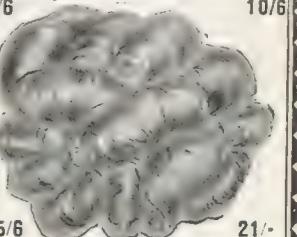
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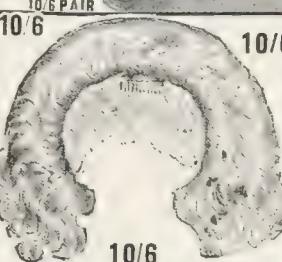
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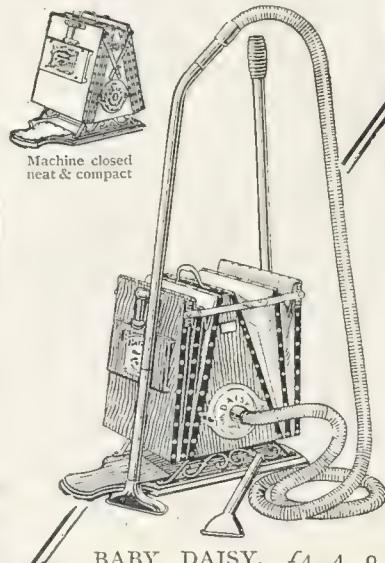
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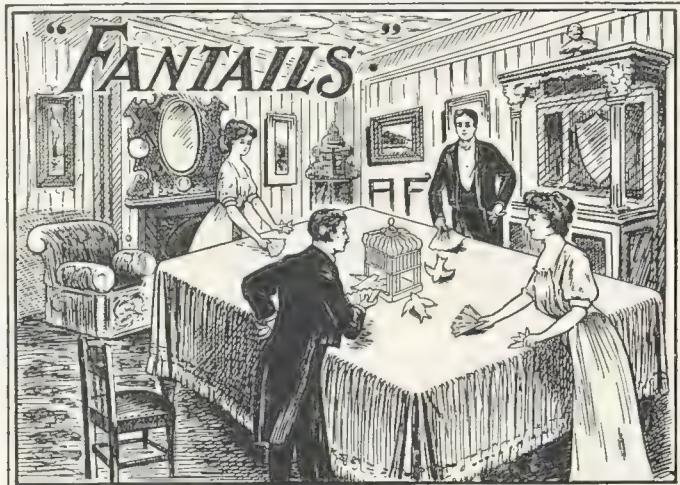
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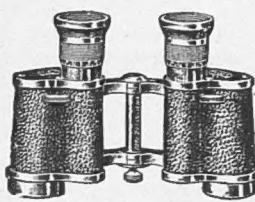
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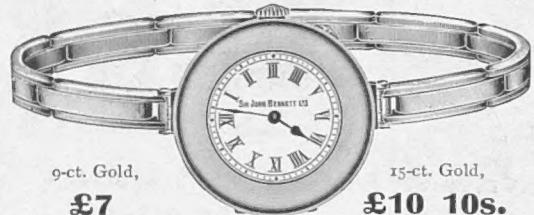


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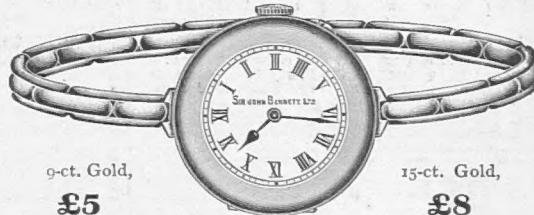
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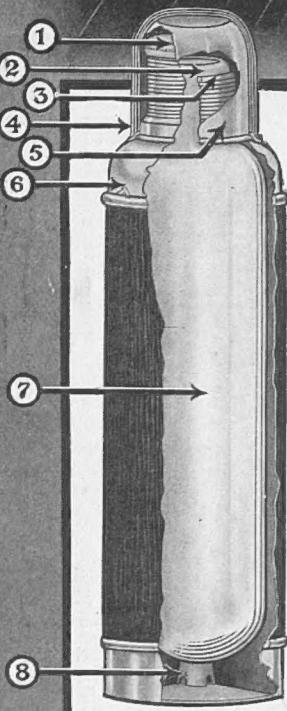
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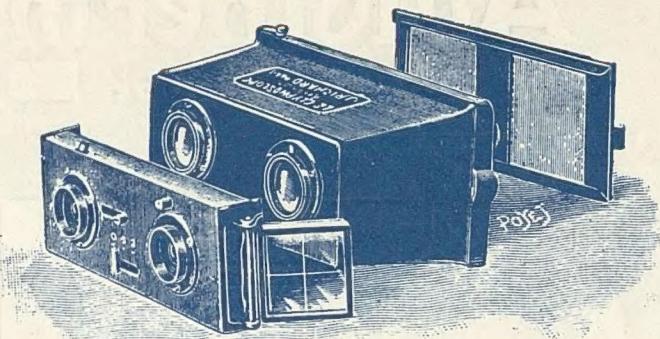
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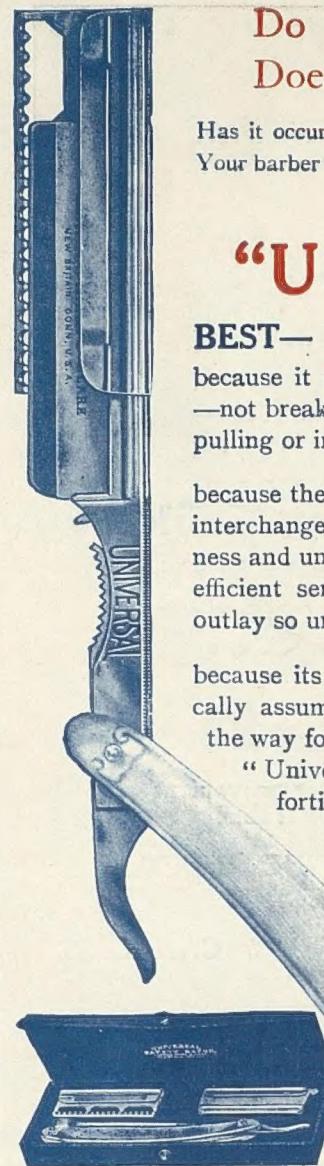
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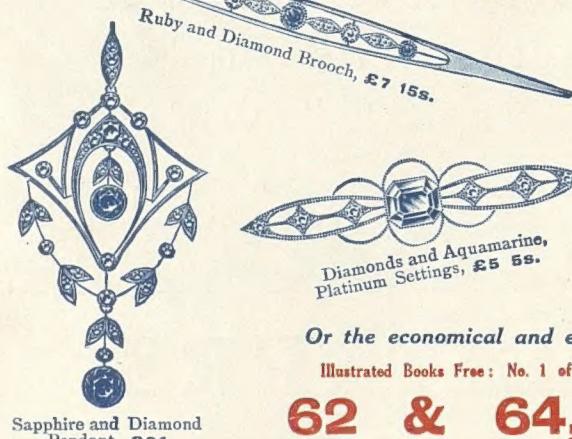
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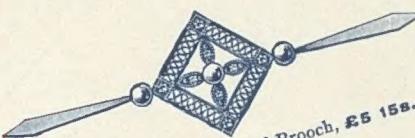
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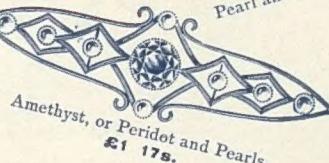
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